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THE DEMOCRATIC AXE-GRINDER.

"A CHANGE IS NECESSARY"—IN ORDER TO GET DEMOCRATIC AXES GROUND.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 9, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People No. 48, issued September 28, contains stories and poems by John Habberton, Emily Huntingdon Miller, David Ker, George J. Varney, Virginia W. Johnson, Madge Elliot, *and other well-known writers; with illustrations by* Reinhart, Rogers, Hopkins, Yaeger, Thulstrup, *and* Kemble.

Besides other instructive articles, there is one on the five-pointed star, with diagrams and directions how to make it with one cut of the scissors.

HANCOCK HURRAHING FOR RAG MONEY.

Among the most remarkable and instructive events of the campaign are General Hancock's dispatches about the Maine election. When it was announced that the rag-money candidate had been elected, General Hancock hastened to telegraph:

"Accept my congratulations on the glorious result of your campaign. It will inspire our friends with confidence, and strengthen them in the preliminary battles which remain to be fought elsewhere, and which need all our forces."

This dispatch, we repeat, is very instructive. In our system of government an election brings a party, and not an individual, into power; but a President, with the veto and the nominating power, exercises a vital influence upon administration. It has been universally objected to General Hancock's nomination that his ignorance of public affairs, and his consequent necessary helplessness, would throw him irretrievably into the hands of other men. To this it has been answered that, on the contrary, he had an unusual acquaintance with public questions, and would be his own master. Now the dispatch to Mr. Plaisted, and the other dispatch to Mr. Pulitzer saying that the probable election of Mr. Plaisted in Maine would "lead to pure and efficient administration of our public affairs," show both General Hancock's sympathy with the most reckless financial theories and his extraordinary conception of the proprieties of his position. He is a high officer of the army. It is certainly right that officers should hold opinions as citizens, but it is equally certain that an officer in the army should not be an eager politician. What General Hancock does, any other officer may do, and it is obvious that respect for the army and confidence in it would instantly disappear if officers of every degree should be forward to take a vehemently partisan position at elections. General Hancock's dispatch to Mr. Plaisted is an utter derogation from the dignity and character of his position as an officer of the army. If he desires to take part in public affairs as a partisan politician, it is his duty to resign his military commission.

But his dispatch is much more significant when considered as that of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Every one who is familiar with our recent political history knows that the danger to honest money and finance lies in the success of the Democratic party. The Democratic Convention, as a blind, declared for honest money, as it declared for a free vote. But as the Democratic is the only party which systematically, openly, and flagrantly destroys free voting, so it is the one of the two great parties whose success threatens financial disaster. This has been stoutly denied by Democratic orators. Even Mr. Bayard has insinuated that financial honor and stability would be more secure under Democratic ascendency. But the Democratic candidate at once puts Mr. Bayard to shame. He joyfully breaks silence as a candidate to shout for a supposed rag-money victory. What is the significance of Mr. Plaisted's candidacy, over whose supposed election General Hancock was so jubilant? Mr. Plaisted is not and has never been a Democrat. He is a Republican who left his party to accept a rag-money nomination. He was supported upon a platform whose distinctive clause was this:

"That all currency, whether metallic or paper, necessary for the use and convenience of the people, should be issued, and its volume controlled, by the government, and not by or through the banking corporations of the country, and when so issued should be a full legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private."

It is the supposed adoption of this doctrine—a doctrine fatal to the interests of labor, and therefore of the public welfare—which General Hancock impetuously hails as a "glorious result." It is to obtain this "glorious result" that the Democrats in Maine voted for Mr. Plaisted, and their vote shows conclusively that the declaration for "honest money" in the national Democratic platform is an utterly false pretense. Let any intelligent man compare Mr. Bayard's speech in South Carolina not only with the familiar facts of the general Republican position upon the financial question, but with the eager congratulations of General Hancock upon the supposed success of a purely inflation and rag-money candidacy, and he will see what Democratic success involves. The Democratic candidate identifies his party with fiat money and inflation and universal financial disturbance, and the Democrat who is known as a "hard-money man," and who for that reason was discredited by his party, cries Amen. General Hancock, who as a candidate salutes a rag-money victory as glorious, could not as President consistently discard rag-money counsels and counsellors. If, as he says to Mr. Plaisted, his supposed election is glorious, and if, as he says to Mr. Pulitzer, Plaisted's election would promise pure and efficient administration, there is no reason whatever why General Hancock, if he were elected, should not invite Mr. Plaisted to the Secretaryship of the Treasury. If there were not already adequate arguments enough against the election of General Hancock, he has himself furnished a conclusive argument, which will not be lost upon the intelligence of the country.

THE NATION AND THE STATE.

While Senator Bayard argues that the Democratic party is the hope of sound finance—as the Democratic rejoicing over the supposed election of Mr. Plaisted in Maine probably proves—and while Speaker Randall gravely alleges that the Democratic party is the hope of economy—as the increased Congressional appropriations probably show, in the same manner—ex-Governor Seymour warns the country that the Democratic party is the party of constitutional union—as the late rebellion probably established. Mr. Seymour's historical and miscellaneous discourses are always excellent, but his political speeches seem to us to be fallacious and strongly partisan, even with all their composure and candor. His recent speech at Utica begins by a quotation from Mr. Schurz's speech at Indianapolis, which Mr. Seymour contends must mortify the American people and delight their enemies, because it implies that our government can now be administered only by an exceptional man, and has therefore failed. Now, as it appears to us, nothing could be more illogical than Mr. Seymour's deduction from the extract that he quotes—a deduction for which his object is to make the Republican party responsible. Mr. Schurz said, and it is undeniable, that the bucolic age of America is over. The rural republic of three millions of agricultural citizens, largely homogeneous, has given place to a vastly extended nation of fifty millions of people of every nationality, with immense and various and contending interests and industries. Consequently, says Mr. Schurz, "the requirements of statesmanship demanded in this age are far different from those which sufficed a century ago."

This is a clear statement of a very simple and obvious truth. But Mr. Seymour insists that it implies despair and revolution, and that trouble or difficulty in public affairs is "due not to the character or structure of the government, but to the manner in which it is administered." But Mr. Schurz does not say nor imply that the greater pressure arises from the fact that a constitutional republic is inadequate to the changed national conditions, but simply that for the prosperous management of complicated public affairs qualifications are required different from those which could manage less complicated interests. This is all that Mr. Schurz says. But Mr. Seymour immediately gives battle to the centralizing and destructive heresies which he detects lurking in these words. He attacks the idea of nationality as connected with our government, and is evidently impatient of the word. He states the dual nature of our system, and, as usual with reasoners of his political school, he insists upon the State as against the nation. It should be a warning to all who are inclined to depreciate the United States as a national republic, and to belittle our American national life, that Mr. Seymour is at once forced into the baldest Calhounism, and defends his position by the unadulterated argument of secession. "When questions arise," says Mr. Seymour, according to the report in the New York *Herald*, "as to the authority of the general government, they should be decided according to the letter of the law." Undoubtedly. Upon that point there was never any difference. The important question is, Who is to decide? What says Mr. Seymour? "If this does not solve the problems, they should be turned over to the State authorities, if they are competent to deal with them." This is in substance the doctrine of the old Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98. When there is a difference of opinion between the national and State authorities, the State must decide. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Hayne and the South Carolina nullifiers said that the State must be the judge of the infraction of the compact. Jefferson Davis and the secessionists said no more.

The jealousy of the national government which is taught by Mr. Seymour and the Democratic party found its logical and natural result in the rebellion. The Democratic political school regards every clear definition of national power, and all vigorous enforcement of it, as dangerous and destructive centralization. It teaches practical hostility to the national government as a foreign and menacing power. It is a narrow, belittling, and perilous doctrine. It implies that somehow the people have less control of the national than of the State government, while the fact is that the people create both as their political agencies; that their relation to both, and their interest in both for their several purposes, are equally close and essential; that a man is not first a citizen of Colorado, and then of the United States, but that he is simultaneously and equally a citizen of both; that an American has a national feeling and a patriotism as deep and fervent as those of any man in the world, and that they bind him primarily not to Oregon and Nebraska, but to the country in which he was born, and whose institutions have moulded him. Mr. Seymour is one of the ablest and sincerest of Democratic leaders, and it is from such authorities that we can best learn the spirit and tendency of Democratic doctrines of the government. Those doctrines are found in the resolutions of '98; in the teachings of Calhoun and his followers, who were the true leaders of the Democratic party down to the outbreak of the rebellion; in the debates of the extra session upon the election laws; and now in the speech of Mr. Seymour. They are doctrines that foster the spirit which has been found fatal to the Union. Theoretically as well as practically the Democratic is the disunion party.

PARTY LOYALTY.

Mr. Conkling's speech in New York was adapted to stimulate friends rather than to persuade opponents. There was one point in it, however, which no Republican who wishes the ascendency of his party upon its highest principles and character can pass unnoticed. The cold and reluctant allusion to General Garfield, like the total omission of any mention of Mr. Hayes and Mr. Wheeler in his one campaign speech of 1876, was characteristic of Mr. Conkling's total inability to conceal his personal disappointments. But the thinly veiled charge of dishonor and "meanness" against the President is a matter of more importance. When a conspicuous Republican Senator, advocating the continuance of the Republican party in power, accuses the Republican Executive of virtual treachery to those who elected him, he invites the country to beware of a party which can make so capital a mistake. In beginning his speech Mr. Conkling used these words:

"A candidate, if he be an honest, genuine man, will not seek and accept a party nomination to the Presidency, Vice-Presidency, or Congress, and after he is elected become a law unto himself. Few things are more despicable than first to secure elevation at the hands of a party, and then, in the hope of winning pretentious non-partisan applause, to affect superior sanctity, and meanly to imply that those whose support and confidence were eagerly and deferentially sought are wanting in purity, patriotism, or some other title to respect. The higher obligations among men are not set down in writing and signed and sealed—they reside in honor and good faith. The fidelity of a nominee belongs to this exalted class, and therefore a candidate of a party is but the exponent of a party."

No one who knows Mr. Conkling will doubt that he intended these words to be understood as a sneer at the President, and the *Times* of the morning after the speech so interpreted them. No name, indeed, is mentioned. There is only an insinuation, but it is perfectly intelligible. Mr. Conkling's hostility to the President has been often and bitterly expressed, and generally in the same way—by innuendo. The President has favored reform, and reform is an idea which apparently causes Mr. Conkling sore distress. He has frequently expressed the opinion that those who desire administrative reform are hypocritical knaves. Such gibes at reformers as pretenders affecting superior sanctity are very familiar. But we believe that temperance is not thought to be a bad thing because drunkards scoff at temperance advocates as sanctimonious canters. Mr. Conkling is quite right in his assertion that party understandings are understandings of honor. His insinuation is that the President has somehow violated that understanding. Again he does not say so plainly, because he knows that the fact would confute such a direct assertion. The President, indeed, has favored reform, but so did the Republican platform upon which he was elected. He has aimed at conciliation of the Southern section of the Union, and to that policy the platform upon which he was elected declared the Republican party to be "sacredly pledged." Nobody is authorized to speak for a national party but its National Convention, and dishonor can not honorably be charged, nor even plausibly insinuated, against an Administration or an Executive until it is shown in what way it has violated the party declaration.

It is the praise of the Republican Administration and Executive, to which Mr. Conkling has been bitterly hostile, that they have adhered steadfastly to the understanding of honor and good faith which alone make party action possible. Mr. Conkling was equally bound, by the same honor and good faith, to the support of that Administration so far as it conformed to the Republican platform. It is not the Administration which has failed in honorable loyalty to party understanding. It has been faithful to every Republican principle and policy set forth in the platform of 1876, and it is its spotlessness and ability and patriotic spirit which offer to the country the strongest argument for continued confidence in Republican ascendency. Those who suppose that Mr. Conkling's speech indicates that General Garfield has directly or indirectly made some kind of pledge to discard the policy of the present Administration are profoundly mistaken. General Garfield has made and will make no bargains. His understanding of honor and good faith is not with individuals, but with the party that nominated him, and its declarations. If individual bargains are necessary to his election, he will be defeated.

THE MASSACHUSETTS PLATFORM.

Massachusetts always lifts the Republican banner a little higher. The late Convention in that State made as admirable and complete a declaration of the Republican doctrine of to-day as can be found. It would be in itself, what platforms seldom are, a very valuable campaign document, for it both asserts principles and supplies arguments. Its position upon the question of equal rights and of every sectional subject is just and clear and uncompromising. It puts forward the issue of systematic suppression of the Republican vote in the Southern States as paramount. What use is there in grave discussion of principles and policies, of party history and tendency, if the election is to be determined, not by argument, but by fraud and violence? No Democratic orator or newspaper in this part of the country, so far as we have seen, has even alluded to this most significant fact. But the Mobile *Gazette* says what every good citizen should ponder:

"For six years the Democratic party has been in undisputed control in this State. There does not to-day exist a single Republican office-holder under the State government. The press is almost entirely in the interest and control of that party, and all the powerful influences of social surroundings and party patronage and discipline have made it perfect as a machine autocracy. And yet, with all that, here is the public charge, from the Tennessee River to the Gulf, that fraud—shameless, unbridled fraud—has been made use of to count political wire-workers and party favorites into offices they were not elected to, by thousands of votes, and to make it appear how faithfully Alabama keeps Wade Hampton's pledge in Cincinnati that the vote of the solid South is assured for the nominee of the Democratic party....

"We shall live to see the day when the solid South will be regarded as the greatest political mistake of the age. A South made solid by fraud, perpetrated under the very sanction of the vilest election laws that ever cursed a community, can not long exist as a menace to the whole country, and should not be permitted to exist, for the safety and happiness of the free people of America. In its present aspect it means antagonism to healthy national feeling, political decrepitude, industrial death."

The Massachusetts platform speaks in the same emphatic tone of the financial question, asserting that from the Republican party alone can be expected a repeal or modification of the laws relating to the coinage of the silver dollar.

For the first time, also, in any party platform, there is a declaration by the Massachusetts Republicans of the exact principle of administrative reform. Without generalities and evasions and meaningless platitudes upon the subject, the platform says:

"We take occasion to express our satisfaction that the National Convention of the party declared in favor of legislation by Congress for the establishment of a system of appointments to the subordinate offices of the national government, which, by providing for practical tests to determine the competency of applicants, will relieve the Executive, heads of departments, and members of Congress from the solicitations of persons seeking office for themselves or their friends, and will place the civil service upon a permanent basis of fitness and merit, and no longer upon that of partisanship. We believe that not only is it true that the nation needs and may justly claim the services of the ablest and the fittest, but that every loyal citizen should have the right fairly and freely to compete for the honor and advantage of holding official place; that no appointments or removals should be made from

favoritism, or for the obtaining or holding of political power; that public examinations directed to subjects of knowledge essential to an efficient performance of official work, and an open competition of merit, should place all citizens upon a footing of absolute equality in presenting their claims for office; and that a tenure of office of reasonable permanency should protect faithful and competent officials from capricious and arbitrary dismissal."

There could be no more decisive sign of the hopeful progress which this question is making in public interest than such a statement as this, by which the Republicans of Massachusetts commit themselves unequivocally to the soundest and most radical principle of reform. They see clearly and say plainly that the method is the reform, and that there is no hope or chance of reform until the method by which alone political and personal influence in appointment can be abolished is definitely apprehended and adopted. If the Republican party in every State should assert and enforce the principles and policies proclaimed in Massachusetts, it would be invincible.

REBEL CLAIMS.

THERE is great misapprehension about rebel claims. The Democrats at every opportunity declare that the talk about them is mere Republican bugaboo; that the claims are barred by the Fourteenth Amendment; and, with ludicrous inconsistency, that all claims which have been allowed have been paid by Republicans. If such claims are a bugaboo, and prohibited by the Constitution, why did Mr. TILDEN write a letter in 1876 engaging to oppose their payment? The truth is, as Mr. TILDEN knew, that the claims in question are not those which are barred by the amendment. That forbids payment of debts incurred in aid of rebellion, or of claims for loss by the emancipation of slaves, and nothing more. The claims in question are those for property belonging to rebels which was destroyed in suppressing the rebellion. Claims which have been allowed by a Republican Congress are those of loyal Union men whose property was appropriated by the army.

The distinction between the parties upon this subject is this: the Republicans have paid the claims of loyal Union men, while the Democrats would pay the claims of rebels whose property was destroyed in prosecuting the war. This, however, is impossible under existing laws, and therefore, as Mr. EDMUNDS points out in his letter, which has been widely published, the Democrats have attempted to repeal this distinction in the law, and should they obtain control of the executive as well as the legislative branch of the government, they would at once repeal the distinction. When Mr. TILDEN said that if he became the head of the executive department he would not co-operate in the repeal, it proved that he believed there was a general apprehension of such an intention upon the part of "the South," or the Democratic party, and the fact of such an intention was made more probable by the subsequent indifference of "the South" to his election.

Mr. EDMUNDS shows also that pensions are not prohibited by the Fourteenth Amendment, and if "the South," or the Democratic party, should obtain control of the government, and choose to pension those of their number who tried to destroy it, there is no constitutional barrier. Those who vote for General HANCOCK will vote to pass the Democratic bills now pending in Congress to repeal the distinction between loyal and disloyal claimants.

A QUEEN CITY.

CINCINNATI is a fortunate city. It used to be the example of the swift and prosperous development of the country, and it has long had a literary and æsthetic distinction among the beautiful cities of the West. Its citizens regard it with a pride and affection of which they often give munificent evidence, and nothing is now less surprising than to hear of some great and generous public act of a citizen of Cincinnati. It is not long ago that Mr. PROBASCO erected the noble fountain, and Mr. LONGWORTH founded the art school, and Mr. GROESBECK provided free popular concerts. Mr. SPRINGER's fine Music Hall, with its organ, also his gift, has become familiar to the country; and there are high schools bearing the names of Hughes and Woodward, and the McMichen University.

"These be my jewels," may well be said by Cincinnati. They decorate her in the general regard not so much by the various buildings, works, and gifts themselves as by the feeling of loyalty to the city of which they are the monuments. To this decoration a new lustre has been just added in the generous proposition of Mr. C. W. WEST—a gentleman of large fortune, which he has accumulated in Cincinnati. At the opening of the Art Exposition in that city the other day the president, Mr. INGALLS, during his inaugural address, read a letter from Mr. WEST, in which he said that if Mr. INGALLS and his friends would incorporate themselves as the Art Museum of Cincinnati, and secure proper grounds at a nominal perpetual rent, he would subscribe toward the buildings $150,000, on condition that the citizens would subscribe the same amount. He added, "Having been a resident of Cincinnati for forty years, and shared to some extent in her prosperity, I feel anxious to do anything in my power to add to the enjoyment of her citizens."

This is a kind of public spirit which recalls the feeling of the old Florentines for Florence, or of Pisans for Pisa, and which gave those cities their renown. In the same spirit Mr. LONGWORTH and Mr. DEXTER and other leading citizens at once guaranteed the subscription of an equal sum, and so secured the museum.

EX-SECRETARY FISH UPON GENERAL GARFIELD.

THERE has been no tribute to General GARFIELD more hearty and complete than that of ex-Secretary FISH. In his brief speech at the meeting at the Academy of Music in New York, Mr. FISH said:

"Of General GARFIELD I can speak with the confidence which an intimate acquaintance of very many years, and close official relations during eight years of that time, have given me. No purer, no nobler man ever left the council-chamber of the nation. In private life an affectionate son, a kind father, a careful parent, good neighbor, and honest citizen; in public life able, far-seeing, truthful. None doubt his ability, none doubt his integrity, although the necessities of parties and of politics have led to the circulation of several petty slanders against him. No better and purer man ever lived."

REPUBLICAN SPEAKERS IN THE SOUTH.

A CORRESPONDENT asks why the National Republican Committee does not send a body of eminent and able speakers into the Southern States, three or four of which are certainly Republican upon a fair vote and count, and with a little sympathy and assistance would show themselves to be so. We presume the reason to be that the Committee, not being able to do everything, have thought it a wiser plan to canvass thoroughly the early States in the expectation that success in them would show to the Democrats the hopelessness of bulldozing and cheating at the Southern polls.

So long as the Democratic managers believe that they can carry Northern States enough to give them an electoral majority, no array of Republican speakers in the Southern States, however conspicuous and persuasive, would be of the slightest avail. Mr. WADE HAMPTON and his Democratic allies will be very sure to make good his promise of a "solid South," so long as there is any hope that it will be of service. The situation of "the South" is not one in which political argument is of avail. Difference of opinion is not practically tolerated. Leading Republicans from this part of the country would not be mobbed or molested, but obscure colored Republicans at the cross-roads would be, and local Republican caucuses and conventions would be still attended by Democratic rifle clubs, which would suspend all other business for the purpose, and insist upon sharing time with the Republicans.

Our correspondent will see that until Republican speakers are able to prevent Democratic tissue-ballot stuffing and every form of bulldozing, it would be a waste of time and money for them to travel and talk in a section where by fraud and terror the issue is a foregone conclusion.

A TWO-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

THE celebration of the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Boston was a magnificent pageant. It was a vast military and civic spectacle to which the city gladly and proudly gave itself, and excepting the unfortunate accident to Surveyor UNDERWOOD, nothing, we believe, marred the occasion. The day was warm and brilliant, and the great procession moved at the hour appointed, precisely as the signal gun was fired, and the bells were striking noon. The procession occupied three hours "in passing a given point," and embraced a fair representation of the various industries of the city, some of which were in operation as they passed. The Governor of the State, the high dignitaries of the Commonwealth, with a throng of illustrious guests, were in the procession. The air rang with triumphant music all day long, and a hundred thousand persons gathered upon the Common in the evening to see the splendid fire-works that closed the festivities. Boston was happy and proud, and Boston had a right to be.

The evening before there was a meeting at Faneuil Hall to welcome the distinguished guests, among whom were ROBERT C. WINTHROP, the lineal descendant of the Puritan Governor, and Mr. EVARTS, the Secretary of State, and a son of Boston, and Mr. DEVENS, the Attorney-General, born in that part of Boston called Charlestown. There were New England Governors upon the platform, and the Mayors of many cities, including Charleston, South Carolina. There were excellent speeches made. One remark of Mr. EVARTS's was questioned, but it is certainly true. He said in effect that no good cause has ever been opposed by Boston. To this, it has been answered, GARRISON and PARKER and SUMNER would not agree. But Mr. EVARTS did not say nor mean that there had not been Bostonians who opposed progress, but that, nevertheless, every good cause had received an impulse from Boston. GARRISON was mobbed, but the antislavery movement was largely Bostonian. PARKER was prayed against in Park Street, but Boston was the spring of Unitarianism. SUMNER was socially ostracized in some Boston quarters, but SUMNER was Boston incarnate, like SAM ADAMS in an earlier day.

The Boston influence is still vigorous and pronounced. The high political tone of Massachusetts is still in great part due to Boston insight and Boston courage. Mr. EVARTS fitly quoted the saying of COTTON MATHER that Boston was the metropolis of New England thought; and Mr. WINTHROP well ended his speech by repeating the aspiration which is the Latin motto of the city, "May God be with us as he was with our fathers!"

OUR NEIGHBOR CANADA.

MR. GEORGE ANDERSON, M.P., raises a cry of apprehension regarding Canada in the *Contemporary Review*. The confederation of the Dominion, he says, has hardly reached real union, and all the provinces except Ontario, New Brunswick, and Quebec are "losing concerns." The population is about 4,000,000—smaller than that of her neighbor New York, which is but one of the United States, which contain more than 40,000,000. Absolute independence being impracticable for Canada, she must depend, or "lean," either upon England or this country, and Mr. ANDERSON thinks that we are smoothing the way to annexation of Canada by propositions of commercial union.

The Dominion, as the Manchester Chamber of Commerce recently represented to Sir JOHN MACDONALD, has made a tariff which is hostile to England, the duty levied on the principal English manufactures being from twenty to thirty per cent. Mr. ANDERSON holds that Great Britain ought not to allow Canada to dispose of the land by gift or hypothecation, because the land is all that Great Britain has to show for the great outlay of money in acquiring Canada. But as the policy of the Dominion government is to build the Pacific Railway, how can the money be raised except by hypothecation of the land, or by the offer of some especial trade advantage to the lender? He therefore fears that Canada may assent to a Zollverein with the United States, which, in that case, would advance the money, and the inevitable consequence of commercial union would be annexation.

To obviate this result Mr. ANDERSON suggests a policy to identify Canada more closely with England. The basis should be, on the one hand, the opening of the Dominion ports to British trade, and on the other, the aid of Great Britain in building the railway. The mother country should also assume the Dominion debt, and Canada should be represented in Parliament, and pay her quota of imperial taxation. He is clearly of opinion that the Dominion can not continue as it is, and that it is rapidly drifting toward the American Union. Simultaneously with Mr. ANDERSON's article, however, it appears that France is turning a favorable eye upon her old possessions. The French government has just granted a subsidy of $100,000 for a line of steam-ships between Havre and Montreal; a company has been formed with a capital of $25,000,000 for investment in Canadian real estate; and another, with a capital of $2,000,000, to manufacture beet sugar in the Dominion; while a French agent is in the country to spy out its commercial capabilities. The sale of stock in England for the Canada Pacific Railway has been also very successful. There is evidently a general interest in the destiny of the country, and it is an interest which the United States must necessarily share.

PERSONAL.

MR. JAMES PAYN is made the subject of an interesting biographical sketch in a recent number of the London *World*. His brilliant novels, republished in this country by HARPER & BROTHERS, have found their way to every nook and corner of the United States, and no foreign novelist has a wider or more well-deserved popularity than he. Mr. PAYN was intended for the Church, but having a call in the opposite direction, never got quite so far as ordination. From Eton he was sent to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. From the disgusting and degrading life of the old-time Military Academy he was transferred to the care of the same private tutor who "coached" Mr. FRANK BURNAND, and who seems to have been successful in implanting literary tastes and sympathies in his pupils. From his tutor's he went to Trinity, where he found himself a contemporary of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Lord HARTINGTON, and Mr. FITZ-JAMES STEPHEN, and in a society as widely different from that of Woolwich as one pole is from another. Not long after taking his degree Mr. PAYN began that connection with the brothers CHAMBERS which was destined to last for many years. His first considerable success was with *Lost Sir Massingberd*, a story which showed plainly that it was written by a young hand, but nevertheless gave evidence of a certain power and knowledge of dramatic construction. It made a hit with the public, which surprised the brothers CHAMBERS as much as the author, who shortly afterward became editor of their *Journal*. In addition to the writing of three-volume novels, which he turns out at the rate of one and a half per annum, and the "tasting" of others' productions, Mr. PAYN gets through an infinity of literary work of various kinds. He frequently writes articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, and turns out a humorous story nearly every month for *Belgravia*; he is said to write many of the light articles in the *Times* in the season of vacation, and is special correspondent for newspapers in Melbourne, Paris, and New York. It is difficult to believe that all this work is got through by the apparently easy-going gentleman who appears to be always telling stories and making jokes at the Reform Club; but the fact undoubtedly remains that it is done. Of thoroughly domestic habits, he eschews evenings from home, loving to eat his dinner with his wife and the seven daughters, who with his young son compose his family. Shortly after the evening post comes in the last pipe is lighted, and at ten o'clock the household is wrapped in slumber. The illustrious novelist does not appear till eight o'clock the next morning, and by ten he has read his newspapers, breakfasted, and is seated in his "tasting" office, with the design, however, of giving the first three hours to original composition, mainly at stories, short or long.

—In no country in the world are gifts so frequent and munificent for benevolent purposes as in the United States. Having no law of primogeniture or entail, opulent old bachelors like GIRARD and PEABODY, and millionaires like JOHNS HOPKINS, CORNELL, PACKER, and VANDERBILT, are sending their names down to posterity as founders of universities. And within the past week another wealthy gentleman, Mr. AMASA STONE, of Cleveland, has announced his intention of giving $500,000 to the Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio, if it is removed to Cleveland. Mr. STONE is the father-in-law of Colonel JOHN HAY, and is well known as one of the railway magnates of the West.

—A late number of the London *Truth* contains a statement in reference to Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT and MEISSONIER, which is quite characteristic of the prompt, decisive way in which the former acts. While painting Mr. VANDERBILT, MEISSONIER observed: "There is one picture that I really loved, and unhappily it is in Germany. It represented General DESSAIX in the middle of a plain, questioning some peasants. It was fine; it was very fine. PETIT sold it to a German, a Dresden man, long before the war, for 30,000 francs. I have done everything to get that picture back to France, to ransom it from its captivity in Germany. PETIT offered the owner as much as 100,000 francs for it, but he would not sell. I never think of it without a real pang." "Ah!" said Mr. VANDERBILT, beginning to talk of something else. A few days afterward MEISSONNIER went to dine with VANDERBILT. Upon entering the salon there was his Dresden picture facing him upon an easel. "I bought it by telegraph for 160,000 francs," quietly remarked VANDERBILT. "It was a simple enough matter, you perceive, to get the picture."

—Recently an American traveller saw on a hotel register the name of "Sir A. T. GALT, and fifteen children." The latter were ushered into the dining-room by their governess, and were mostly fine-looking, well-behaved girls. Britons allude to Americans, in a cynical way, as the people who particularly overdo things. But when it comes to fifteen young *Canadian* girls, it seems to us that it is rather "crowding the mourners."

—One of the best-known, most estimable, and most unassuming men in Buffalo, Mr. THOMAS S. HAWKS, has just retired from the bookselling and news-vending business, with an ample competence, and with the universal esteem of his townsmen. For forty years—it may be more—he was the industrious and successful caterer to the book, magazine, and newspaper wants of that city. He knew everybody who came to the post-office, where his stand was located, and everybody knew him. He was so entirely unobtrusive, so perfectly truthful, so thoroughly amiable, and had such a knack at pleasing, that he probably slipped through his whole business life without displeasing anybody. It is said of him that he never kept a set of books, never asked or gave credit, but did everything on the cash principle. Long may he live to enjoy the comforts which he has so laboriously and honorably earned!

—The catalogue of the library collected by the late HENRY HUTH, just published in England in five imperial octavo volumes, is said to be the most important bibliographical work executed in England for many years. It may be interesting to mention that the appraisal of the library, made strictly and severely with the purpose of ascertaining its current cash value, exceeded $400,000. Mr. HUTH was the head of one of the largest mercantile houses of the present day, and was familiar with the French, German, Spanish, and Italian languages, consequently any work in either language that was especially rare was sure to be brought to his notice, and to become his property. The library is not to be sold, having been given to his widow, and by her presented to her son, Mr. A. H. HUTH, author of the *Life of Buckle*.

—The Dudley Buck Opera Company will produce, on October 11, at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, the comic opera of *Deseret; or, A Saint's Afflictions*, the music of which is by Mr. BUCK, and the libretto by Mr. W. A. CROFFUT. The theme is Mormonism, and the funny dramatic situations result from a superfluity of wives.

—Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, who has one of the finest residences in Philadelphia, and the most picturesque cottage at Long Branch, is just finishing a new and elegant country house, "Wotton," at Bryn Mawr, near Philadelphia.

—Mr. RUPERT KETTLE is about to have greatness unexpectedly thrown upon him, Mr. GLADSTONE having advised the Queen to grant him knighthood for his tact and energy in preventing many strikes, and his plan of arbitration boards, which have worked so well in the north of England.

—An Englishman who knows the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS well says her vitality and energy are extraordinary. When she is perfectly well she defeats her age by a dozen years. She is a good horsewoman, and is still fond of exercise, and she walks with an elasticity which many a younger woman might envy. Her capacity for business has long been known; and though her benevolence is boundless, no begging impostor could ever hope to outwit her. She has all the shrewdness of the Charity Organization Society, without the callous cynicism which makes that body nothing more than a system of police. Her knowledge of politics and politicians extends over half a century; and as she can write as well as speak with no little grace and force, a book of her recollections should have greater interest than anything of the kind which has been published for many years.

—The Bishop of Edinburgh, Dr. COTTERILL, who arrived in this city a few days since, and will attend the Triennial General Convention of the P. E. Church in the United States, to be held in New York next month, is well known abroad for scholarship, having been Senior Wrangler and a First Class in classics at Cambridge in 1833. In 1856 he was consecrated Bishop of Grahamstown (a colonial bishopric), which he resigned in 1871 on being elected Coadjutor Bishop of Edinburgh, and on the death of Bishop TERROT, in 1872, he succeeded to the see of Edinburgh. He is the author of several theological works. The Episcopal Church in Scotland is not very strong, compared with the Presbyterian, the total number of clergymen in its seven dioceses being only 225, but it is very wealthy and influential. In the State of New York there are 709 Episcopal clergymen, of whom 300 are in the diocese of New York, which embraces only the counties of New York, Westchester, Dutchess, Orange, Putnam, Richmond, Rockland, Sullivan, and Ulster.

A HOPELESS UNDERTAKING.

Hancock (*who has been sent down to see what can be done to raise an ancient wreck*). "If I only had this old hulk above water, and on the White House dry-dock, she might be made ready for action again."

A FINANCIAL MISTAKE.

GENERAL WENT-OFF HALFCOCK—KISSING "*SOFT*" BABIES IS SURE TO OFFEND "*HARD*" FATHERS.

"MASQUERADING BEHIND THE GREENBACK PARTY."

GENERAL JAMES B. WEAVER, Greenback candidate for President, to General H. M. Plaisted, Bangor, Maine:

"I congratulate you on the grand fight you have made in Maine for the *NATIONAL GREENBACK-LABOR PARTY.* It will inspire our friends with confidence, and strengthen them for the great battles which remain to be fought. I hope you are elected. *IT IS MOST AMUSING TO SEE THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS MASQUERADING BEHIND THE GREENBACK PARTY, AND CALLING OUR VICTORY A DEMOCRATIC 'BOOM.'*

"They fail to tell the public that you were nominated as a straight Greenbacker, and that a Democrat could not have carried the State by 40,000. They fail, also, to state that they requested you to make pledges to them when they gave you their indorsement, and that you peremptorily declined; that their State Central Committee subsequently demanded pledges of you, and upon your second refusal said committee requested you to withdraw as a candidate, and that you declined to do that also. The Democrats in Maine showed their good sense by voting the Greenback ticket. Let us all rejoice.

"JAMES B. WEAVER."

THE DEMOCRATS USURPING THE CREDIT OF VICTORY.

"HEAD-QUARTERS NATIONAL COMMITTEE, GREENBACK-LABOR PARTY,
"WASHINGTON, *September* 14, 1880.

"*To the National Greenback-Labor Party:*

"The Greenbackers of down East send encouragement and hope to their brethren of the far West. Our victory in Maine surpasses expectations. A straight Greenback candidate for Governor has been elected, and two or three Congressmen, with the Legislature. *The party of* SOLON CHASE *is victorious over the hard-money Republicans and Bourbon Democrats.* We fought against great odds, and won. We had the opposition of the party in power, well disciplined and splendidly officered; we were *handicapped with the support of the* HANCOCK *men, as they had no ticket.* Even as some would steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil, so would some of the Democracy of Maine. Their own party having fallen to pieces, they lent our ticket their support in hopes to usurp the credit of our victory. The Democrats were badly divided, many voting against us. The Greenbackers alone are entitled to the victory, and will run a straight ticket. Let us press the fight with new courage. Maine has demonstrated the strength of our cause, the popularity of our standard-bearers, the coming *disintegration of Bourbon Democracy, and their final surrender to the despised 'rag baby.'*

"By order of the National Executive Committee. LEE CRANDALL, *Secretary.*"

THE SWORD AND THE VOTE.

Air—"Nancy Lee."

Once more we march and meet the foe—
Yo-ho, lads, ho! yo-ho! yo-ho!
Again we give them blow for blow—
Yo-ho, lads, ho! yo-ho!
A stalwart band across the land
Shall bear our cause,
Of fearless speech, and vote for each,
And equal laws,
Till every man the breath divine
Of freedom draws—
Yo-ho, lads, ho! yo-ho!
The Northern sword has made the Nation free—
Yo-ho, lads, now for victory!
The Northern sword has made the Nation free;
The Northern vote shall keep it free.

Oh, shall we change our rulers, pray—
Yo-ho, lads, ho! yo-ho! yo-ho!
When prosperous times have come to stay—
Yo-ho, lads, ho! yo-ho!
When Labor stands and waves its hands
The joy to feel;
When anvils ring, and spindles sing,
And whirls the wheel?
'Tis they that shirk, not they that work,
That want a deal—
Yo-ho, lads, ho! yo-ho!
The Northern sword has made the Nation free—
Yo-ho, lads, now for victory!
The Northern sword has made the Nation free;
The Northern vote shall keep it free.

Shall we desert the heroes now—
Yo-ho, lads, ho! yo-ho! yo-ho!
Who in the South have kept the vow?—
Yo-ho, lads, ho! yo-ho!
Who at the front have borne the brunt
Of battle long,
Have seen the black upon the rack
Of grievous wrong,
And felt the breath of fiery Death,
And still are strong?—
Yo-ho, lads, ho! yo-ho!
The Northern sword has made the Nation free—
Yo-ho, lads, now for victory!
The Northern sword has made the Nation free;
The Northern vote shall keep it free.

Arise, ye Boys in Blue, arise!—
Yo-ho, lads, ho! yo-ho! yo-ho!
The fire of old within your eyes—
Yo-ho, lads, ho! yo-ho!
Remember well when Sumter fell,
And men in gray
Began the strife the Nation's life
To madly slay:
You conquered then the very men
You face to-day—
Yo-ho, lads, ho! yo-ho!
The Northern sword has made the Nation free—
Yo-ho, lads, now for victory!
The Northern sword has made the Nation free;
The Northern vote shall keep it free.

W. A. Croffut.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

PARTED.

It is a well-known saying, yet one that does not obtain the attention it deserves, that a man's own affairs, however insignificant they may appear, are nevertheless to him of more consequence than the most important concerns of other people; one proof the more, perhaps, of the selfishness of human nature, yet one that does not work altogether for ill, since it causes those little matters of which life after all is made up to receive their due share of attention. A man's own affairs are, however, not necessarily (though they are so sometimes) confined to himself only, but have ramifications—such as wife, children, sweetheart, and friend. It was no great blame to Mr. Barlow that, though Matthew Helston might have been robbed and murdered, or worse—had been concerned in the robbery of the Pargiter diamonds—the sun still shone for him in the person of Amy Thurlow, and that he looked forward beyond the present winter of their discontent to a spring-time; nay, that even as matters were he should have gloomy thoughts independent of Matthew's catastrophe; doubts, suspicions, and so forth. It was plain to him, ever since his brother-in-law's disappearance, that Mr. Signet had made use of that circumstance to ingratiate himself with Amy; and though she might be ignorant of the real object of his attentions, he—her betrothed—had given her to understand that they were disagreeable to him; yet the man had come to Cavendish Grove again and again, and had come to-day, and had been closeted with her for Heaven knows how long, and had parted from her with a demonstration of regard that to him (Mr. Barlow) was most offensive. He was no eavesdropper, but these words, "My dear Miss Amy," which the jeweller had uttered as he left the house, had, as it happened, reached his ears and sunk into his heart. He was not even yet jealous of Amy—in any sense of doubt as to her fidelity to him—but he was jealous of Mr. Signet.

"He will not come here any more," Uncle Stephen had said; which might or might not be the case; and it was Mr. Barlow's intention to put that matter beyond a doubt. When he entered the parlor he met Amy coming out; she looked pale and agitated, and the traces of tears were in her eyes—which was so far fortunate, since the gravity of his own face was easily accounted for by such a spectacle.

"Oh, Frank," she said, with a little sob, "I am so glad you are come."

Whereupon he folded her in his arms. In an instant, so satisfactory was that situation, all his doubts, apprehensions, and intentions vanished from his mind. "My darling, what has troubled you?" he said, not from curiosity, for of course he knew, but because it was pleasant to be pitiful.

"A terrible thing has happened. Have you been here long, dear?"

"Some time," he answered, dropping his arms involuntarily. "Why should she wish to know that?" thought he. "I came just after Mr. Signet arrived."

"Then you have seen Mr. Durham? He has almost broken my heart."

"Who? Mr. Signet?"

"No, no; and yet *he* has brought sad news enough. Of course he meant it kindly, for he has been very kind. And I must have known it sooner or later."

"You mean about the reward that Lady Pargiter has offered. That indeed is most distressing, though we must have looked for something of the kind. It was only a question of time. What is that?"

There was something on the table wrapped up in silver-paper, such as jewellers use; it looked like a locket.

"That is Matthew's portrait, which Mr. Signet has brought back with him."

It was on the other side of the table, but Mr. Barlow reached across and opened it—for the moment, I fear, with some incredulity.

Amy, however, did not notice this. "He has had some copies taken," she continued, "for purposes of identification."

"It is very like him," observed the lawyer; "yet I don't quite recognize the expression."

"He wore it once, however," she observed, with a sigh; "I remember him with it. Poor Matt! poor Matt! Then 'it was May with him from head to heel.' He had hope and life."

"Let us hope he has life now," said Mr. Barlow, mechanically.

"If he has," she answered, slowly, "what would it avail him, since even those near and dear to him have cast him off? If he is dead and knows that they think ill of him, can heaven itself be heaven to him?"

Mr. Barlow sighed and looked at his boots. He had nothing to observe in the way of comfort upon this head. He did not understand that Amy was accusing any person in particular, but he was guiltily conscious that she might have done so even as regarded himself.

"'The absent are always in the wrong,'" he answered, evasively.

"A proverb suitable to the frivolous and thoughtless race to whom it belongs," said Amy, coldly. "Yet it seems there is truth in it. How bitter it is to find in strangers that confidence in our rectitude which is denied us by our friends!"

"If I speak in proverbs, Amy, you speak in riddles," said Mr. Barlow, nettled by her tone, or perhaps by the secret consciousness of his own abandonment of Matthew's cause. "I suppose, however, you refer to Mr. Signet, though it seems to me you can hardly call him a stranger."

"That is true," she answered, unaware of the satiric touch. "Most persons, I think, in his position would have been angered, and with reason, at Sabey's having written to Lady Pargiter without consulting him."

"Did Sabey do that?"

"Yes; in hopes, poor dear, to win her over to believe in Matthew. This is the result," she added, bitterly, pointing to the placard which lay crumpled up at her feet.

"There was some other reason, however, Amy, which Mr. Signet himself admitted to Mr. Durham, for Lady Pargiter's adopting so decided a step. He said that she had obtained further evidence."

"He said, Frank, that she probably believed that she had. How could she in reality have obtained it, when the more she knows can only the more establish Matthew's innocence? However, one can not expect Mr. Signet to feel as we do in that respect; and yet he was far from disheartened. When he has once taken up anything he is to be relied on."

"He has great perseverance—there is no doubt of that," said Mr. Barlow; "perhaps he thinks, like Lady Pargiter, that he has found some new encouragement."

"I don't understand you, Frank," said Amy, quietly, "except that as usual you wish to disparage Mr. Signet. I can only say that he seems to me to be doing his very best for poor Matthew. And though, as I have observed, the help of a stranger may be bitter when that of a friend is denied, it is better than nothing."

"When have I denied Matthew help?" inquired Mr. Barlow, quickly.

"I did not accuse you of having done so; I was not thinking of you at all, Frank."

"I can easily imagine that," he retorted. "I know I am nothing in your thoughts as compared with another."

By this "another" Mr. Barlow really meant to imply Matthew, but Amy believed he referred to the jeweller. Her face flushed from brow to chin, and then grew very pale.

"You are mistaking me," she said, very coldly, "though for the moment I shall not condescend to explain how. What I was about to say is that Mr. Signet attaches no great importance to this new insult, for which he intends to make reprisals."

"That is, that since Lady Pargiter has stooped to this new mode of attack, he is about to adopt the same weapons."

"And why not?" inquired Amy. "In her hands they were offensive, but they will not be so in ours; we shall only use them to protect the innocent, who have been attacked by them. By what other means can we gain the like publicity for Matthew's defense which she has obtained for his defamation?"

"Is it possible, Amy, that you do not see that this man Signet clings to the last straw, not from any belief in your brother-in-law's innocence, but because his guilt would entail enormous pecuniary loss? In his heart of hearts he knows—" Here Mr. Barlow stopped, such a searching, almost menacing gaze had Amy suddenly turned upon him.

"What does he know?" she cried, impetuously. "What do *you* know in your heart of hearts against Matthew Helston? I was about to explain something—something that had happened in this house to-day, which has wounded me to the quick, which if she knew it would kill Sabey. But now, it seems, there is worse to come. Do you believe, as Mr. Durham does, that Matthew is a thief?"

Mr. Barlow thought he had never seen Amy look so beautiful; but her beauty was of quite another sort to that he had ever seen in her before. Mr. Durham, in compliment to her acquirements, had been wont to call her playfully Minerva; but as Minerva armed with a javelin in act to strike he had never pictured her. If he had seen her now he would have likened her to that goddess come down, as of old, from heaven, to defend with her shield some beloved mortal against foes whom in their turn she was about to smite.

"My dear Amy," said Mr. Barlow, hesitatingly, "the logic of facts, to my mind at least, is inexorable. Do not blame me if by nature or training I am compelled to accept it. I am a lawyer—"

"I know it," broke in Amy, in frigid tones. "Still, it is surely possible for you to give a plain answer to a plain question: Do you believe that Matthew Helston is a thief?"

On more than one occasion Mr. Frank Barlow had been subjected to the test of cross-examination, and had acquitted himself with considerable credit; but this was by far the "tightest squeeze" of that description in which he had ever found himself. To answer "Yes" he had a strong presentiment might be fatal to his dearest hopes; to answer "No" was, alas! impossible.

Of course it was open to him to state what had been discovered with respect to Phœbe Mayson, which would probably have carried conviction even to Amy's mind, and so far exonerated himself. But with all his short-comings Mr. Barlow was a true gentleman; at whatever danger to himself he had chivalry enough to feel he should spare that already stricken heart what might prove to be an unnecessary pang. For though the theft of Lady Pargiter's jewels might and would be brought home to Matthew, the fact of his infidelity to Sabey need perhaps never be so.

"Dear Amy," he said, "I do not deny your right to ask such a question, but it is scarcely generous to exercise it. Mr. Durham, it appears, has been speaking frankly to you upon this subject, yet surely not with the directness which you have demanded of me. I can only say that the facts, as we are at present in possession of them, seem to point with a fatal unanimity in one direction. It may be that my judgment is wrong in this matter, in which case its incorrectness will make me ten thousand times more glad than its accuracy has ever made me. But if unhappily it should be right, my best services will be still at your brother-in-law's disposal."

"You will instruct counsel to defend him as a prisoner in the dock, you mean?" said Amy.

Her face was white, her voice was hard; there was a look of mingled reproach and agony in her tone which it was hard indeed for him to face.

"Let us hope that will not be necessary, Amy."

"I see how it is," she answered, slowly. "You have no more hope than faith. Well, Sabey and I are still left to him, and perhaps—for these things stagger one—there is a good God to help us."

"I have just told you, Amy, that all that man can do for Matthew I will do."

"No, sir. He does not need the help of men like you," she answered, coldly. "Nor do *we* need it."

"Amy!" He uttered her name with gentle reproach, and strove to take her hand.

She withdrew it, not quickly, but with marked decision, and stepped back.

"No, Mr. Barlow, I can not take your hand. With Mr. Durham it is different. He has been always, until now, a friend to Matthew. I will endeavor to think of him as in the past—that past which contains all that is left to us of solace."

"'Mr. Barlow!' you call me, and 'I will not take your hand!'" repeated the young man, in amazement. "Are you mad, Amy?"

"No, I am not mad, though things have happened that may well make me doubt of my own sanity. I should be mad indeed—or base indeed—if I thought of you any more as I used to think. You shall never be disgraced through me, sir."

"That could never be, Amy," he answered, earnestly.

"Nay, you are too delicate, Mr. Barlow. It is my duty, however, to be plain with you. If Matthew is a thief, no honest man should wed his sister—for he is as near and dear to me as any brother of my blood could be."

"And what care I?" broke in the young fellow, impatiently.

"Yes, but I *do* care," returned Amy, quickly. "If I could stoop so low as to be your wife upon such terms I could not be your friend. Matthew Helston may be lost forever, but his honor remains with me a sacred trust. I will join hands with none who doubt it. Affection, gratitude, justice, all forbid it. Henceforth we are strangers, sir."

"You never loved me!" exclaimed the young fellow, vehemently.

"Did I not?" she answered, with a bitter smile. "Then my heart deceived me. If it be so, so much the better for us both."

"And you can speak to me like that? Oh, Amy!"

There was a reproach in his voice as deep as hers, and far more tender. It would have astonished his partner in the City to have seen Mr. Frank Barlow at that moment, and would have greatly shaken his professional confidence in him.

"I did not mean to be unkind," she answered, gently. "But I must speak the truth. If Matthew is a thief"—it was strange with what persistence she repeated this hateful phrase, as though it had some morbid attraction for her—"so help me Heaven I will never marry you!"

He looked at her a moment with despairing eyes, then suddenly their expression altered—it grew fierce and wolfish.

"But perhaps you will marry somebody else?"

"I! What does he mean? Sir, I am not quite myself," she added, pitifully. "I do not understand you."

"It is no matter," he said, with a deep flush. "I was not quite myself, perhaps, either. I will leave you for the present, Amy."

"For the present, and forever, Mr. Barlow," she answered, quickly. "I do not wish—I could not bear it—to see your face again. All is over between you and me. It is not only that," she added, hastily, seeing he was about to speak; "I will not endure the presence of any one (if I can help it) who thinks as you think of Matthew. It would be treason to him."

It was curious to see how, when she spoke of her brother-in-law, the strength and firmness which had failed her when she spoke of herself seemed to return to her. She was firm now, and pointed to the door with a steady hand.

Twice Mr. Barlow essayed to speak, and twice altered his intention; at last, with a deep sigh, he moved slowly out of the room, and closed the door behind him. His hat and coat hung in the hall, and he put them on like one in a dream and left the house.

"Had she ever really loved him?" was the question he was putting to himself all the time.

If he could have looked into the chamber he had just left he would have found his answer.

Having locked the door, Amy sank down in the nearest chair, and, hiding her face in her hands, burst into the first passionate tears she had shed since her childhood. "Oh, Matthew, Matthew!" she sobbed, "you have not done that which even good men lay to your charge, but you have broken your sister's heart."

[to be continued.]

ANECDOTES OF SHARKS.

Some twenty-five years ago, when the writer was returning from China to England, a messmate of his, a young midshipman, hailing from Belfast, was taken ill of dysentery. The poor young fellow battled long with the fell disease, but though he possessed a vigorous constitution, and as brave a heart as any man I ever knew, he could not shake it off. During the last ten days of his illness it had been remarked that a huge shark followed the ship continuously; the ill-omened creature was first seen over the counter, on the same side of the ship where was the cabin in which young H—— lay dying, and indeed just below it. Every one saw it; and officers and men had only to lean over the rail, and look long enough, and a dim, shadowy form could be seen moving stealthily deep down in the calm sea. Sometimes it disappeared for hours; and a hope was expressed that it had taken itself off. "But no," said one of the quartermasters, an ancient mariner, who had passed fifty years at sea, "the shark would not leave until it had got what it had come for;" and the old salt jerked his head on one side to denote what he meant. The shark became the subject of daily discourse, both in the forecastle and on the quarter-deck, and its appearances were regularly chronicled. Sometimes it rose near the surface, and then it sunk low down, and looked more horrible in the deep stillness of the unfathomable sea. All this time the weather remained very calm, and we had scarcely any wind, though at night it sometimes freshened, only to die away in the morning.

At length H—— died, after much suffering and a brave struggle against a hard fate. Within a few hours of his death this fine young fellow was buried with all the tokens of respect we could command.

That morning the shark was seen at his accustomed place under the counter, but after the funeral he was seen no more, and no one on board the ship, either forward or aft, could after this gainsay the observation of the old quartermaster: "I told you, sir, he knew there was a dying man aboard us. You'll see no more of him; he's got what he wanted."

Entertaining this view, it is not surprising that sailors regard the capture of a shark as an act of retributive justice; for even though the victim that has fallen into their hands may not have feasted on a live or dead seaman—which is extremely unlikely, as they never miss a chance of devouring human flesh—yet they look upon him as the representative of his race, and "serve him out" accordingly.

For several days some sharks had followed a ship off the Brazil coast, and, notwithstanding every effort, the crew could not succeed in catching one. At length a shark suddenly made a snatch at the bait, and was soon plunging and lashing his tail in a most furious manner, as he found that he had got more than he bargained for. It was evident that he had taken the hook, and was so far secured, but still he was but half caught, as soon appeared. The men on deck "clapped on" to the line, and very soon the creature was alongside, but he plunged and lashed about so furiously that it was found impossible to land him on the deck until he had somewhat exhausted his immense strength. To assist in effecting this the mate proposed to harpoon him, and in the absence of a proper instrument took the boat-hook, to which he attached a line. After a

few attempts the mate succeeded in plunging the boat-hook in the fore part of the back, when the shark by a prodigious effort succeeded in snapping the line, and, freeing himself from the hook, made off with the boat-hook sticking like a flag-staff out of his back. He remained in sight some little time, evidently feeling very uneasy, and then disappeared; but whether he succeeded in disengaging himself from this unwonted appendage could not be ascertained.

The shark is so voracious that in pursuing its prey it will leap out of the water, and it also feeds on its own species. It has been said that on cutting open sharks smaller ones have been found inside; for this I can not vouch from personal observation, though I have seen a very miscellaneous collection of articles extracted from the stomach, such as towels, tooth-brushes, shoes, half a newspaper, and a rope's-end. The shark will devour anything, and may be regarded as the scavenger of the sea, thus performing the same office as the vultures on land.

The shark produces its young from a sort of egg, the shell of which is brown, and resembles leather; the egg is of oblong shape, with tendrils curling from its corners. When the term of hatching is fulfilled, the end of the case is pushed out by the young shark, which measures seven or eight inches in length. The flesh is seldom eaten, even by sailors whose fare for months has been salt meat; the flavor is unpalatable, and the texture tough and fibrous. The Icelanders use the fat, which can be kept for a long time, in place of lard, and eat it with the prepared fish. The liver affords a good deal of oil, and in Greenland the skin is used in the construction of canoes. Sharks' teeth are frequently dug up in fossil remains, and specimens have been found of which the enamelled portion was four and a half inches in length, from whence a geologist has calculated that the shark which owned this tooth must have exceeded seventy feet in length.

In the year 1831 an American ship, named the *Olympus*, anchored off the island of Bourbon, in the Indian Ocean, and some of the sailors obtained permission to go ashore and enjoy a walk after the day's work. Night was coming on, and the quartermaster on duty, tempted to indulge in a bath by the tranquillity of the scene and the delicious coolness of the water, undressed and jumped overboard from the gangway. The quartermaster was a good swimmer, and was soon some distance from the ship, oblivious of danger. But the cook, a negro, who was sitting in the main-chains cooling himself after his hot day's duty, chanced to espy the fin of a shark which was swimming near the surface of the water on the other side of the ship to that on which his shipmate was disporting himself. His first impulse, after making sure what it was (for so large was the size he thought it must be a plank), was to call out and warn him of his danger, but it seemed he wisely determined not to do so lest the news might paralyze him with terror. So he quickly warned some of the sailors, and in little more than two minutes a small dingey suspended at the davits was lowered into the water, and the crew were pulling with might and main toward their comrade. Whether it was that only now the shark caught sight of the man in the water, or the noise of the boat attracted his attention in that direction, the huge fish turned and made toward the quartermaster, who, still unconscious of the fearful danger menacing him, continued to swim away with redoubled energy, as the quick click of the rowlocks warned him of the approach of his shipmates. Reticence would now have been misplaced, as, unless he was rescued within a few seconds, all would be over with him.

"Williams," shouted out the cockswain, "there are sharks near you; be quick—get into the boat, as you value your life."

Apprehending at length the full horror of his position, the quartermaster turned to the little boat, where alone was safety, and being a powerful swimmer, was soon almost alongside. But the shark was upon him. "Quick! quick!" shouted his shipmates, while the bowman, glancing over his shoulder, threw in his oar, and, quick as thought, jumped up, boat-hook in hand, to try and help the struggling seaman.

"Way enough," shouted the cockswain, as the boat, impelled by stout arms, shot almost over the quartermaster, who, after a final effort, extended his arms to seize the gunwale of the boat, while two of the crew leaned over the side in order to help him out. But the shark was not to be thus easily balked of its anticipated prey, and as it was near enough to make its venture, darted half out of the water, exposing its prodigious length, and turned over on its side, opening its cavernous jaws. At that moment, when all appeared lost, the bowman, exerting all his strength (and it so happened that he was the most powerful man in the ship), plunged the boat-hook right into the mouth of the animal, which, writhing in agony, fell back into the water, and snapped the weapon in two. Turning upon the boat in its fury, it lashed it with its tail with such terrific force that it staved it forward. The sailors had just time to draw in their shipmate, when they became aware of the new danger menacing all of them. The boat began to fill, when deliverance came from another quarter. Their cries for help (which, owing to the calmness of the evening, were audible a great distance) attracted the attention of the crew of a schooner anchored near the land, who quickly launched their long-boat, and made toward them.

The shark, lashing the water with fury and pain, appeared determined to exact revenge, and remained near the spot, awaiting its prey; but it was again balked, for just as the little dingey was settling fast by the head, the friendly long-boat arrived upon the scene. The crew, with Williams, were taken out of the sinking craft, and were soon on their way back to the ship, rejoicing in their escape from a terrible death.

THE CENSUS—PROGRESS.

More than two thousand years ago a Latin legislator invented the census. It was the slave king Servius, the reformer, the founder of the Roman institution and of the Roman system of elections, the abolitionist, the humanitarian. Every five years the people of Rome were numbered, their property valued and registered, the births and deaths recorded, and the results of the census preserved in the archives of the nation. The useful practice continued through the period of the republic, survived until late in the empire, and was abandoned at last on the Northern invasion. The conception even was lost. The dull kings of the Middle Ages and their successors gave themselves no trouble about statistics. They taxed and harried their miserable subjects without knowing or caring what they suffered, what they could bear; they dragged them into their armies, and thinned each generation by a series of massacres. The population of England in the reign of Charles II., or even George III., can only be guessed at, and the population of France under its Bourbons was only to be estimated by the fearful waste of life in its endless wars. The simple Roman device was never revived. The kings and nobles of Europe scarcely thought the people of sufficient importance to be worth numbering. But when our ancestors founded their republic in the New World, amidst the many useful hints they borrowed from the Roman republicans appears the census. They extended the period from five to ten years, enlarged the subjects embraced in it, improved upon their classic model, and made the census a careful picture of the progress of the nation. European governments have followed our example. The nineteenth century has become conspicuous for its careful array of statistics. Everything is recorded, registered, compared. The analytical Frenchman arranges the returns of his unprogressive population with some misgiving; the swarming tribes of Germany pour out their surplus, as of old, in emigration; England studies the minute details of its daily life. In the last century no one took pains to record the population of a single English village. No one could tell the population of London in Johnson's time; no one knew the number of the people of Paris. But in the close of the nineteenth century the name, the population, the wealth, manners, habits, of the smallest village in the Rocky Mountains are known to all the world; the story of the progress of education and civilization is told from decade to decade, the occupations of the people are described, their condition noted; and the institution of Servius, invented in the small Latin capital, lost in the Dark Ages, has become the index of modern progress.

A republican invention—for Servius was nearly a republican—it paints the wonderful success of republican institutions. The last ten years of our growth in numbers and wealth, the present census indicates, is the most rapid of all. The whole population is estimated at 50,000,000. In 1870 it was about 38,000,000; in 1860, before the rebellion, 31,000,000. Nearly twenty millions have been added within twenty years; twelve millions within ten years. We gain more than a million every year; and at the present rate, adding for the natural acceleration of growth, will reach at least eighty, if not a hundred millions, before the century ends. Our population will be greater than that of France and England united. The disposition of the great masses of people has varied with each census. The Southern States in the earlier period of the nation seemed the most prosperous and the most populous. Gradually the tide of immigration rose, the Northwest was peopled; from Ohio, Illinois, the current spread to Minnesota, Iowa; it crossed the Mississippi; it overleaped the Rocky Mountains; the magnificent Territories of Dakota, Montana, and Washington will soon become as populous as Iowa or Illinois; great capitals will spring up on the banks of the Columbia, or in the heart of New Mexico, and a nation speaking the English tongue, and repeating in its schools the Bible of Cranmer and the sentences of Bacon, will occupy the deserted cities of the Gila and the Colorado.

These vast gatherings of human beings, the enormous increase of human life, bring a sentiment of sadness and of hope. One recalls the sigh of Xerxes. Men are grown too wise to exult in mere numbers. The exultation of the despot or the haughtiness of the barbarian does not become a republican. He is rather solicitous to see that in this rapid growth of the national family there is also an equally rapid improvement in all the safeguards of ease and happiness, and in this inquiry he is not disappointed. The general conveniences of living advance with a rapidity equal to that of the population. The means of communication that fifty years ago were wholly wanting are now almost in excess of the demand. Railways join the two oceans, penetrate the wilderness, climb the Rocky Mountains, line the streets of our chief cities, and make their suburbs the home of the business man. The telegraph, the steamer, the post-office, within the past ten years, have accompanied the railways. We converse by lightning, we travel by steam. The conveniences of travel and of internal communication have grown so rapidly so recently that some of us can remember the first railway, nearly all the first Atlantic telegraph, or the first train that crossed the Rocky Mountains to San Francisco. Our fifty millions of people who in 1880 are scattered from sea to sea are closer to each other, more intimately blended, than were the three millions who in 1776 declared themselves free. In a few hours or minutes New York speaks to San Francisco, and New Orleans to Boston. In 1776 the mail-coach ran in two days from Jersey City to Philadelphia; in 1880 it is a two hours' ride. Swiftly as our population grows, the advance of the conveniences of living is more rapid; the inventions of the age outstrip the population; we are overwhelmed with them; the farmer mows and plants by steam; the railway intersects the farm; the ocean steamer bears away its cargoes of grain, cattle, provisions; lands that ten or twenty years ago seemed wholly valueless are now brought to rare productiveness by the industry of man, and the quickness of invention is the marked trait of the passing century.

It is only in the present century that men have equalled and surpassed the classic form of civilization. The Roman citizen of the days of Augustus or Constantine lived with more comfort and neatness than the people of London or Paris a hundred years ago. He had fine fresh-water from the Arno, open parks and cultivated suburbs, houses provided with fountains and gardens, roads unequalled, sewers perfect, markets abundant, and every fifth year the Roman census showed the growth of the population and the advance of trade. In the last century the Englishman drank the vile water of the Thames, the Frenchman of the Seine. The streets of London were narrow, unsewered, often pestilential. Johnson and Boswell might enjoy their odorous scenery, but the death rate proved their barbarism. No nobleman's palace in Johnson's time equalled in elegance or convenience Cicero's house on the Palatine, or, later, one of Pliny's villas. New York was a pestilential morass in 1775, and Philadelphia owed its first reforms to Franklin. But the nineteenth century has changed all this. Invention is its ruling faculty. It has outstripped in the conveniences of life all that the classic age and all that the modern age had accomplished. Machinery governs the world. The lever of Archimedes rules in our daily life. The multitude of inventions that have been poured out profusely in the past fifty years have placed man in a stage of progress so far beyond his predecessors that he seems almost a new creature. He rushes over land and sea, endowed with the speed of the genii; he lives in houses warmed, lighted, convenient, as were never those of Cicero. The inventions of the nineteenth century have clothed all the people in fine cloth and cotton. The markets are filled with the productions of the South and North, the cattle of Texas, the sheep of Vermont. At Rome the people fed chiefly on pork; the swine of Ithaca furnished the banquets of Ulysses. Only a few articles of food were found in the markets of the last century. But in this age of invention and machinery distance is abridged and the ocean narrowed; the productions of every clime are brought together. Machinery rules in all the details of life. It prints by myriads, it sews, writes; a thousand lesser inventions appear; the roar of the factory sounds everywhere; the cultivation of the inventive faculty has endowed the age with powers unknown before.

Such will be one of the lessons of the census of 1880. It will show that the population has not increased faster than the conveniences and comforts of life. Immense as has been the growth of the country, it is still better fitted than ever before to maintain the national family in ease and give occupation to all; and in no previous period of history have men possessed such convenient homes, such rare advantages for trade, such constant incitements to gratitude and content. We have at length outstripped all the past.

Eugene Lawrence.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A strong effort has been made lately to suppress the lottery offices in New York city by bringing the matter before the Board of Police. A list of thirty-two of these offices existing in open defiance of the law was exhibited. A resolution was passed directing the closing of all lottery offices; but resolutions are powerless and arrests are useless unless the speedy punishment of the violators of the law follows the offense.

Public attention has recently been called to the number of clipped and punctured coins in circulation at the present time. While there is a heavy penalty provided in the case of any one detected in mutilating a coin, there is none for passing it. But such coins are refused in all governmental offices, and now car and railroad companies are following their example. If the community generally would do so, the practice must necessarily cease.

One thousand and forty-seven immigrants arrived at Castle Garden on one day recently from two steamers.

A large number of copper boxes from the various departments in Washington are to be buried under the obelisk. That from the Post-office Department has already arrived. It contains the following articles: the report of the Postmaster-General for 1879; Post-office laws and regulations, 1879; the Official Postal Guide for January and September, 1880; post-route maps of New York and the New England States; five styles of mail locks and keys in use in 1880; postage stamps and stamped envelopes in use in 1880; the Daily Postal Bulletin, September 1-13, 1880; a photograph of the Post-office Department Building in Washington; portraits of Postmaster-General Horace Maynard, and D. M. Key and J. N. Tyner, his immediate predecessors; plans of mail wagons and postal cars; the distribution scheme of Pennsylvania; postmarking, dating, and cancelling stamps; and a complete set of the blanks used in the Post-office Department.

The season of herring fishery on the coast of Scotland which has just closed has been one of unprecedented success. The total amount taken is double that of last year. The prices are consequently very low.

In the Library of Nice the following note was recently discovered on the inner cover of a copy of Molière, published in 1713: "J'aime Monsieur de Louzoua, le Masque de fer. C'est le frere du Grand Roy Lois quatorzieme. Luise de Gramont, Princess de Monaco." This note has renewed interest in the mysterious "Man in the Iron Mask," who died, as is generally supposed, in 1703. The name Louzoua has never before appeared in connection with him.

Over three millions of persons have enjoyed the benefit of the public baths the past season. There are eight of these baths located along the North and East rivers, which are wholly inadequate to the demand made upon them. If cleanliness is next to godliness, it would seem a most useful missionary work to make ample provision for this needed luxury to all the poor of this city.

It is proposed to sell that portion of the crown jewels of France which is not considered of artistic value, and devote the proceeds to the purchase of works of art. The estimated value of these jewels is 7,500,000 francs.

The first steamer under the Chinese flag to cross the Pacific arrived at San Francisco August 30. The seamen were mostly Chinese, though the captain and officers were not. Nevertheless, the arrival of the *Ho-chung*, under the Chinese flag, marks an important date in the history of navigation on the Pacific Ocean, as well as in the history of Chinese commerce.

Italian engineers are planning a task demanding skill and care. The celebrated Baptistery of Ravenna is now in imminent danger of falling, in consequence of the infiltration of water, it being three feet below the adjoining street. It is proposed to remove the whole building to a dry site by digging around the foundations, and raising it upon an enormous machine with iron wheels. The inside of the building will be carefully protected—the windows bracketed, and the mosaics covered with wadding—and the walls outside will be confined by iron bands to keep the masonry from displacement. The whole structure will be sawn across where the walls join the foundations, and the mosaics end and the upper portion will be lifted by gigantic cranes. The Baptistery is in the form of an octagon, with a dome and arcade, which rest upon columns of white marble. Its total weight is calculated to be 1067 tons.

The Metropolitan Church in Washington was erected by the Methodists at a cost of about $225,000, it being the expectation that visitors of that denomination to the capital would aid in defraying the expenses of this large building. Resident members have contributed liberally, but about $40,000 is needed to pay a bonded debt of $30,000, and a floating one of $10,000. A circular has been issued by the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church calling for collections to be taken, and the money to be forwarded at once.

Four pounds of dynamite connected with a tube filled with percussion-caps and gunpowder were found under a rail on the London and Northwestern line a short time ago. It was supposed that the express train to Scotland passed over the rail a few hours previous to the discovery, but for some reason the mine failed to act.

Quebec impresses the visitor from New York as a delightfully clean city. Even the poorest streets are free from dirt, rubbish, and garbage. Every citizen has some responsibility about keeping the city in good condition. There are no ash barrels or garbage boxes standing on the sidewalks—an offense to sight and smell. Each householder arranges for the removal of everything of this kind from his own premises to the place of deposit appointed by the city authorities. Doubtless there would be many difficulties attending such an arrangement in a larger city, but in Quebec the external result is exceedingly pleasant.

Pike's Peak is 14,336 feet in height, yet flowers grow on the very summit. These are of the same varieties, and as brilliant in color, as those that grow lower down on the mountain, but are much smaller and more delicate. They nestle close to the ground, and look very beautiful against the snow, but it has been found very difficult to gather or preserve them.

The New York Philharmonic Society presents an attractive programme for its thirty-ninth season. The orchestra will have at least a hundred performers, to be increased on special occasions. The first concert takes place November 13.

Yung Kwai, a young Chinese student who graduated at the High School in Springfield, Massachusetts, last summer, incurred the displeasure of his father on account of his acceptance of the Christian religion. He was ordered back to China, with another youth who had offended in a similar manner, and they were liable, on reaching their native land, to be persecuted, perhaps beheaded, for their religion. After the journey was commenced Yung Kwai and his companion eluded the agent who had them in charge, and readily found friends who kept them secluded for a few days. The treaty between our government and China affords ample security to these young men, and, indeed, the Chinese Commissioner at Hartford has given assurance that they shall not be molested. Yung Kwai has been admitted to Harvard College.

The largest music-publishing firm in the world is in Leipsic; and, in fact, by far the larger portion of books published in Germany date from Leipsic. Something like ten per cent. of the whole population of the city are engaged in occupations in some way connected with the writing, making, and selling of books. A daily newspaper is published there relating exclusively to the book trade.

On some of the German railways the sleepers are impregnated with certain preservative substances, chloride of zinc having proved the most desirable. The durability of oak and beech sleepers has been greatly increased by this impregnation, those of the latter from prepared wood lasting five and a half times as long as the untreated ones.

The first ascent of Mount Washington by women was made about sixty years ago, when three women undertook the feat, and were five days and three nights on the trip.

Among the many anecdotes of Sir Edwin Landseer contained in a recent biography is one about the famous artist's amazing mastery of hand. At a large party in London the conversation turned on dexterity and facility in feats of skill with the hand. A lady remarked, "Well, there's one thing nobody has ever done, and that is to draw two things at once."

"Oh, I can do that," said Landseer. "Lend me two pencils, and I will show you."

The pencils were given him, a piece of paper laid on the table, and Sir Edwin drew, "simultaneously and without hesitation, with the one hand the profile of a stag's head and all its antlers complete, and with the other hand the perfect profile of a horse's head." Both drawings were said to be full of life and energy, and the drawing with the left hand not inferior to the one made with the right.

ANOTHER KIND OF "SILENT (DEMOCRATIC) MAJORITY."

THE "POOR MAN'S FRIEND" WILL MISS THEM ON ELECTION DAY.

AUCTION
SALE
HAYS

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"LOVE MAKETH ALL TO GONE MISWAY."

AUNT RHODA was not a person to be set at defiance, even by Daphne, who was by no means a tractable spirit. She had said, "Come to the rectory," and had said it with such an air of offended dignity that Daphne felt she must obey, and promptly, lest a worse lecture should befall her. So directly after luncheon on the following day she changed her gown, and prepared herself for the distasteful visit. Madoline was going to drive to Warwick with her father, so Daphne would have to perform her penance alone.

It was a lovely afternoon in the first week of May, the air balmy and summer-like, the meadows looking their greenest before the golden glory of buttercup time. Yonder in the reedy hollows the first of the marsh-marigolds were opening their yellow cups and smiling up at the yellow sun. The walk to Arden Rectory was something over a mile, and it was as lovely a walk as any one need care to take; through meadows, beside flowery hedge-rows, with the river flowing near, but almost hidden by a thick screen of willows; and then by one of the most delightful lanes in the county, a green arcade of old elms, with here a spreading oak, and there a mountain-ash, to give variety to the foliage.

Daphne set out alone, as soon as she had seen the carriage drive away from the door, but she was not destined to go her way unaccompanied. Half way down the avenue she met Mr. Turchill, strolling at a lazy pace, a cigar in his mouth, and a red setter of Irish pedigree at his heels.

At sight of Daphne he threw away his cigar, and took his hands out of his pockets.

"I was coming up to the Hill to ask somebody to play a game of billiards, and everybody seems going out," he said.

They had known him so long in an easy-going, neighborly way that he almost took rank as a relation. Daphne, who had spent so much of her life away from home, had naturally seen less of him than anybody else; but as she had been a child during the greater part of their acquaintance, he had fallen into the way of treating her as an elder brother might have done; and he had not yet become impressed with the dignity of her advancing years. For him she was still the Daphne he had romped with in the Christmas holidays, and whose very small pony it had been his particular care to get broken.

"I met Madoline and Sir Vernon going to Warwick. Why go to Warwick? what is there for any one but a Cook's tourist to do in Warwick? But I thought you would be at home. You haven't a bad notion of billiards, and you might have helped a fellow to while away an afternoon."

"You are like the idle boy in the spelling-book story, wanting some one to play with you," said Daphne, laughing at him. He had turned, and was walking beside her, the docile setter following meekly, like a dog who felt that he was of no consequence in the world now that the days of sport were done.

"Well, the hunting's all over, don't you know, and there's no more shooting, and I never cared much for fishing, and I've got such a confoundedly clever bailiff that he won't let me open my mouth on the farm. So the days hang rather heavy on a fellow's hands."

"Why don't you take to Alpine climbing?" suggested Daphne. "I don't mean Mont Blanc—everybody does that—but the Matterhorn, or Mount Rosa, or something. If I were a young man I should amuse myself in that way."

"I don't set an exaggerated value on my life, but when I do make up my mind to throw it away, I think I'll do the thing more comfortably," replied Edgar Turchill. "Don't trouble yourself to suggest employment for me. I'm not complaining of my life. There's a good deal of loafing in it, but I rather like loafing, especially when I can loaf in pleasant company. Where are you going, and may I go with you?"

"I am going on a duty visit to Aunt Rhoda and my new uncle. Isn't it rather dreadful to have an uncle thrust upon one in that way?"

"Well," returned Edgar, deliberately, "I must say if I had the choosing of my relations I should leave out the rector. But you needn't mind him. Practically he's no more to you than he was before he married your aunt."

"I don't know," said Daphne, doubtfully. "He may take liberties. He was always a lecturing old thing, and he'll lecture ever so much more now that he's a relation."

"But you needn't stand his lecturing. Just tell him quietly that you don't hold with clerical interference in the affairs of the laity."

"He got me ready for my confirmation, and that gave him a kind of hold over me," said Daphne. "You see, he found out the depth of my ignorance."

"I'll wager he'd be ploughed in a divinity examination to-morrow," said Edgar. "These old heathens of village parsons got their degrees in a day when the dons were a set of sleepy-headed old duffers like themselves. But don't let's talk about him. What is Madoline going to do in Warwick?"

"She and papa are going to make some calls in the neighborhood, and I believe she has a little shopping to do."

"Why didn't you go with them?"

"Papa does not like to have three people in the barouche. Besides, I had promised to call on my aunt. She talked to me quite awfully last night about my want of proper feeling in never having visited her in her new house."

"Why didn't you wait till she asked you to dinner? They give capital dinners at the rectory; but their feeds are few and far between. I don't want to say anything rude about your aunt, but she strikes me as a lady who has too keen an appreciation of the value of money to fritter it away upon other people."

"Why don't you say at once that she's horribly stingy?" said the outspoken Daphne. "I don't think she ever spent sixpence, except upon her own clothes, all the time she lived in my father's house, and I know she was always getting gowns and bonnets out of Madoline. I've seen her do it. But please don't let's talk of her any more. It's rather worse than talking of him. I shall have to kiss her and call her dear aunt presently, and I shall detest myself for being such a hypocrite."

They had gone out by the lodge gate by this time, the lodge with its thatched roof and dormer window like a big eye looking out under a shaggy pent-house eyebrow—the lodge by which there grew one of those tall deodaras which were the chief glory of the grounds at South Hill. They crossed the high-road, and entered the meadow path which led toward Arden Rectory; and the setter, finding himself at large in a field, frisked about a little, as if with a faint suspicion of partridges.

"Oh, by-the-bye," began Daphne, in quite a new tone, "now that we are alone, I want you to tell me all about Lina's engagement. Is he nice?"

Edgar Turchill's face clouded over so darkly that the look seemed a sufficient answer to her question.

"Oh, I see," she said. "You don't like him."

"I can't say that. He's an old acquaintance—a friend—a kind of family connection even, for his mother's mother was a Turchill. But, to be candid, I don't like the engagement."

"Why not, unless you know something against him?"

"I know nothing against him. He is a gentleman. He is ten times cleverer than I, ten times richer, a great deal handsomer—my superior in every way. I should be a mean cad if I couldn't acknowledge as much as that. But—"

"You think Lina ought not to have accepted him."

"I think the match in every way suitable, natural, inevitable. How could he help falling in love with her? Why should she refuse him?"

"You are talking in riddles," said Daphne. "You say it is a suitable match, and a minute ago you said you did not like the engagement."

"I say so still. Can't you imagine a reason for my feeling?"

Daphne contemplated him thoughtfully for a few moments as they walked on. His frank English face looked graver than she ever remembered to have seen it—grave to mournfulness.

"I am very sorry," she faltered. "I see. You were fond of her yourself. I am desperately sorry. I should have liked you ever so much better for a brother."

"Don't say that till you have seen Gerald. He has wonderful powers of fascination. He paints and poetizes, and all that kind of thing, don't you know: the sort of thing that pleases women. He can't ride a little bit—no seat—no hands."

"How dreadful!" cried Daphne, aghast. "Does he tumble off?"

"I don't mean that. He can stick in his saddle somehow, and he hunts when he's at home in the season; but he can't ride."

"Oh," said Daphne, as if she were trying to understand this distinction.

"Yes, Daphne. I don't mind your knowing it—now it's all over and done with," pursued Edgar, glad to pour his griefs into a friendly ear. "You're my old playfellow—almost like a little sister—and I don't think you'll laugh at me, will you, dear?"

"Laugh at you!" cried Daphne. "If I do, may I never be able to smile again!"

"I asked your sister to marry me. I had gone on loving her for I don't know how long, before I could pluck up courage to ask the question. I was so afraid of being refused. And I knew if she would only say Yes, that my mother would be the proudest woman in the county, for she positively adores Madoline. And I knew Lina liked Hawksyard, and that was encouraging. So one day, about four years ago, I got desperate, and asked the plain question in a plain way. God knows how much of my happiness hung on the answer; but I couldn't have screwed any poetry out of myself to save my life. I could only tell her the honest truth—that I loved her as well as man ever loved woman."

"Well?" asked Daphne.

"It was no use. She said No: so kindly, so sweetly, so affectionately—for she really likes me, you know, in a sisterly way—that she made me cry like a child. Yes, Daphne, I made a miserable ass of myself. She must have despised such unmanly weakness. And then in a few minutes it was all over. All my hopes were extinguished, like a candle blown out by the wind, and all my future life was dark. And I had to go back and tell the poor mother that the daughter she wanted was never to come to Hawksyard."

"I am so sorry for you," faltered Daphne.

"Thank you, dear. I knew you would be sympathetic. The blow was a crusher, I assure you. I went away for a few months deer-stalking in the Highlands, but lying on a mountain-side in a gray mist for hours on end, not daring to move an eyelash, gives a fellow too much time for thought. I was always thinking of Madoline, and my thoughts were just two hundred and fifty miles due south of the stag when he came across, so I generally shot wild, and felt myself altogether a failure. Then I tried a month in Normandy and Brittany with a knapsack, thinking I might walk down my trouble. But I found that tramping from one badly drained town to another badly drained town—all infected with garlic—and looking at churches I didn't particularly want to see, was a sham kind of consolation for a very real disappointment; so I made up my mind to come back to Hawksyard and live it down. And I have lived it down," concluded Edgar, exultantly.

"You don't care for Madoline any longer?"

"Not care for her! I shall worship her as long as I have breath in my body. But I have resigned myself to the idea that somebody else is going to marry her; that the most I can ever be to her is a good, useful, humdrum kind of friend, who will be godfather to one of her boys by-and-by; ready to ride helter-skelter for the doctor if any of her children show symptoms of measles or whooping-cough; glad to take dummy of an evening when she and her husband want to play whist; or to entertain the boys at Hawksyard for their summer holidays while she and he are enjoying a *tête-à-tête* ramble in the Engadine. That is the sort of man I shall be."

"How good you are!" said Daphne, slipping her hand through his arm with an affectionate impulse.

"Ah, my little Daphne, it will be your turn to fall in love some of these days. Put it off as long as you can, dear, for there's more pain than pleasure in it at best." Daphne gave an involuntary sigh. "And then I hope you'll confide in me just as freely as I have confided in you. I may be useful as an adviser, you know, having had my own troubles."

"You could only advise me to be patient, and give up all hope," said Daphne, drawing her hand from his arm. "What would be the good of such advice? But I shall never trouble you. I am not going to fall in love—ever."

She gave the last word an almost angry emphasis.

"Poor little Daphne, as if you could know anything about it!" exclaimed Edgar, smiling incredulously at her. "That kind of thing comes upon one unawares. You talk as if you could choose whether you would love or not—like Hercules between his two roads, deliberating whether he should go to the right or the left. Ah, my dear, when we come to that stage of our journey there is but one road for us; and whether it leads to the Garden of Eden or the Slough of Despond, we must travel over it."

"You are getting poetical," exclaimed Daphne, scornfully. "I didn't know that was in your line. But please tell me about Gerald. I have never seen him, you know. He was always at Oxford, or roaming about the world somewhere, when I was at home for the holidays. I have been at home so little, you see," she interjected, with a piteous air. "I used to hear a great deal about a very wonderful personage, enormously rich, fabulously clever, and accomplished and handsome; and I grew rather to hate him, as one is apt to hate such perfection; and then one day I got a letter from Lina—a letter brimming over with happiness—to say that she and this demi-god were engaged to be married, but it was to be a long engagement, because the other demi-god—my father—wished for delay. So, you see, I know very little about my future brother."

"You are sure to like him," said Edgar, with a somewhat regretful air. "He has all the qualities which please women. Another man might be as handsome, or even handsomer, yet not half so sure of winning a woman's love. There is something languid, lackadaisical—poetical, I suppose Madoline would call it—in his appearance and manner which women admire."

"I hope he is not effeminate," exclaimed Daphne. "I hate a womanish man."

"No; I don't think any one could call him effeminate; but he is dreamy, bookish, fond of lolling about under trees, smoking cigarettes, and reading verses."

"I'm certain I shall detest him," said Daphne, with conviction, "and it will be very dreadful, for I must pretend to like him for Lina's sake. You must stand by me, Edgar, when he is at the Hill. You and I can chum together, and leave the lovers to spoon by themselves. Oh, by-the-bye, of course you haven't lived on the Avon all your life without being able to row a boat?"

"No; I can row pretty well."

"Then you must teach me, please. I am going to have a boat, my very own. It is being built for me. You'll teach me to row, won't you, Edgar?" she asked, with a pleading smile.

"I shall be delighted."

"Thanks tremendously. That will be ever so much better than learning of Bink."

"Indeed! And who is Bink?" asked Edgar, somewhat dashed.

"One of the under-gardeners. Such an honest creature, and devoted to me."

"I see; and your first idea was to have been taught by Bink?"

"If there had been no one else," she admitted, apologetically. "You see, having ordered a boat, it is essential that I should learn to row."

"Naturally."

They had arrived at the last field by this time. The village lay before them in the sunlight: an old gray church in an old church-yard on the edge of the river; a cluster of half-timbered cottages, with walls of wattle and dab; a homestead dwarfed by rick-yard and barns; and finally the vicarage—a low, many-gabled house, half-timbered, like the cottages; a regular sixteenth-century house, with clustered chimneys of massive ruddy-brown brick-work, finished by a stone coping, in which the martins had built from time immemorial.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to have you with me," said Daphne, as they came near the stile. "It will take the edge off my visit."

"Oh, but I did not mean to go in with you. I only walked with you for the pleasure of being your escort."

"Nonsense; you are going in, and you are going to stay till I go back, and you are going back with me to dinner. I'm sure you must owe Aunt Rhoda a call. Just consider now if you don't."

Edgar, who had a guilty memory of being a guest at one of the rector's rare but admirable dinners, just five weeks ago, blushed as he admitted his indebtedness.

"I certainly haven't called since I dined there," he said; "but the fact is, I don't get on very fast with your aunt, although I've known her so long."

"Of course not. I never knew any one who could get on with her, except Lina, and she's an angel."

They came to the stile, which was what the country people call a tumble-down stile, all the timbers of the gate sliding down with a clatter when a handle was moved, and leaving space for the pedestrian to step over. The rectory gate stood before them—a low wide gate, standing open to admit the entrance of a carriage. The garden was lovely, even before the season of bedding-out plants and carpet horticulture. For the last twenty years the rector had annually imported a choice selection of Dutch bulbs, whereby his flower beds and borders on this May afternoon were a blaze of color—tulip, hyacinth, ranunculus, polyanthus—each and every flower that blooms in the sweet youth of the year: and as a background for the level lawn with its many flower beds, there was a belt of such timber and an inner circle of such shrubs as are only to be found in a garden that has been cultivated and improved for a century or so. Copper beeches, Spanish chestnuts, curious specimens of the oak tribe, the feathery foliage of acacia and mountain-ash, the pink bloom of the wild plum, and the snowy clusters of the American crab, deodara, cypress, yew, and in the foreground arbutus and seringa, lilac, laburnum, guelder-rose, with all the family of laurel, laurustinus, and bay; a shrubbery so exquisitely kept that not a blighted branch or withered leaf was to be seen in the spacious circle which fenced and protected that smiling lawn from all the outer world.

The house was in its way as perfect as the garden. There were many rooms, but none large or lofty. The rectory had all the short-comings and all the fascinations of an old house: wide hearths and dog stoves, high mantel-pieces, deep recessed casements, diamond panes, leaden lattices, massive roughly hewn beams supporting the ceilings, a wide shallow staircase, rooms opening one out of another, irregular levels, dark oak floors, a little stained glass here and there—real old glass of rich dark red, or sombre green, or deep dull topaz.

The house was delightfully furnished, though Mr. Ferrers had never taken any trouble about it. Many a collector, worn out before his time by the fever and anxiety of long summer afternoons at Christie's, would have envied Marmaduke Ferrers the treasures which had fallen to him without the trouble of collecting. Residuary legatee to all his aunts and uncles, he had taken to himself the things that were worth having among their goods and chattels, and had sold all the rubbish.

The aunts and uncles had been old-fashioned, non-locomotive people, hoarding up and garnering the furniture of past generations. Thus had the rector acquired Chippendale chairs and tables, old Dutch tulip-wood cabinets and bureaus, Louis Quinze commodes, Elizabethan clocks, Derby and Worcester, Bow, Bristol, Leeds, and Swansea crockery, with a sprinkling of those dubious jugs and bowls that are generally fathered on Lowestoft. Past generations had amassed and hoarded in order that the rector might be rich in art treasures without ever putting his hand in his pocket. Furniture that had cost a few pounds when it was bought was now worth hundreds, and the rector had it all for nothing, just because he came of a selfish celibate race.

The Chippendale furniture, the Dutch marqueterie-work, old china, and old plate had all been in Miss Lawford's mind when she took the rector in hand and brought him to see her fitness for his wife.

True that her home at South Hill was as elegant, and in all things as desirable; but there was a wide difference between living under the roof of her brother, more or less on sufferance, and being mistress of her own house. Thus the humbler charms of the rectory impressed her more than the dignity of the Hill. Sir Vernon Lawford was not a pleasant man to whom to be beholden. His daughters were now grown up. Madoline was sovereign mistress of the house which must one day be her own; and Rhoda Lawford felt that to stay at the Hill would be to sink to the humdrum position of a maiden aunt, for whom nobody cared very much.

Mrs. Ferrers was sitting in a Japanese chair on the lawn, in front of the drawing-room windows, nursing a black and white Japanese pug, and rather yearning for some one from the outer world even in that earthly paradise, where the guelder-roses were all in bloom, and the air was heavy with the odor of hawthorn blossom.

"At last!" she exclaimed, as Daphne and her companion made their timorous advance across the velvet turf, mown twice a week in the growing season. "You too, Mr. Turchill; I thought you were never coming to see me."

"After that delightful evening with the Mowbrays and the people from Liddington! It was too ungrateful of me," said Edgar. "If you call me Mr. Turchill, I shall think I am never to be forgiven."

"Well, then, it shall be Edgar, as it was in the old days," said Mrs. Ferrers, with a faint suspicion of sentiment.

There had been a time when it had seemed to her not altogether impossible that she should become Mrs. Turchill. Hawksyard Grange was such a delicious old place; and Edgar was her junior by only fourteen years.

"I don't want you to make ceremonious calls just because you happen to have dined here, but I want you to drop in often because you like us.

I want you to bring me breathings of the outside world. A clergyman's life in a country parish is so narrow. I feel hourly becoming a vegetable."

Mrs. Ferrers looked complacently down at her tea gown of soft creamy Indian silk, copiously trimmed with softer Breton lace, and felt that at least she was a very well dressed vegetable. Knots of palest blue satin nestled here and there among the lace, a cluster of hot-house roses—large velvety yellow roses—reposed on Mrs. Ferrers's shoulder, and agreeably contrasted with her dark, smoothly banded hair. She prided herself on the classic form of her small head, and the classic simplicity of her coiffure.

"I think we all belong, more or less, to the vegetable tribe about here," said Mr. Turchill. "There is something sleepy in the very air of our pastoral valleys. I sometimes long to get away to the stone-wall country yonder, on the Cottswolds, to breathe a freer, more wakeful air."

"I can't say that I languish for the Cottswolds," replied Mrs. Ferrers, "but I should very much like a fortnight in Mayfair. Do you know if your father and Madoline are going to London this season, Daphne?"

"I think not. Papa fancies himself not quite well enough for the fatigue of London, and Lina does not care about going."

It had been Sir Vernon's habit to take a furnished house at the West End for some part of May and June, in order to see all the picture-galleries, and hear all the operas that were worth being heard, and to do a little visiting among his very select circle of acquaintance. He was not a man who made new acquaintances if he could help it, or who went to people because they lived in big houses and gave big dinners. He was exclusive to a fault, detested crowds, and had a rooted conviction that every new man was a swindler, and destined to end his career in ignominious bankruptcy. It had gone hard with him to consent to his daughter's engagement with a man who, on the father's side, was a parvenu; but he had consoled himself as best he might with the idea of Lady Geraldine's blue blood, and Mr. Goring's very substantial fortune.

"And so you are no longer a school-girl, Daphne, and have come home for good," said Mrs. Ferrers, dropping her elegant society manner, and putting on a sententious air, which Daphne knew too well. "I hope you are going to try to improve yourself—for what girls learn at school is a mere smattering—and that you are aware how much room there is for improvement—in your carriage, for instance."

"I haven't any carriage, aunt, but papa is going to let me keep a boat," said Daphne, who had been absently watching the little yellow butterflies skimming above the flame-colored tulips.

"My dear, I am talking of your deportment. You are sitting most awkwardly at this moment, one shoulder at least three inches higher than the other."

"Don't worry about it, aunt," said Daphne, indifferently. "Perhaps it's a natural deformity."

"I hope not. I think it rests with yourself to become a very decent figure," replied Mrs. Ferrers, straightening her own slim waist. "Here comes your uncle, returning from his round of duty in time to enjoy his afternoon tea."

The rector drove up to the gate in a low park phaeton, drawn by a sleek bay cob—a cob too well fed and lazy to think of running away, but a little apt to become what the groom called "a bit above himself," and to prance and toss his head in an arrogant manner, or even to shy at a stray rabbit, as if he had never seen such a creature before, and hadn't the least idea what the apparition meant. The rector's round of duty had been a quiet drive through elm-shadowed lanes and rustic occupation roads, with an occasional pull-up before the door of a cottage or a farm-house, where, without alighting, he would inquire in a fat, pompous voice after the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of his parishioners, and then shedding on them the light of a benignant smile, or a few solemn words of clerical patronage, he would give the reins a gentle shake and drive off again. This kind of parochial visitation, lasting for about two hours, the rector performed twice or three times a week, always selecting a fine afternoon. It kept him in the fresh air, gave him an appetite for his dinner, and maintained pleasant relations between the pastor and his flock.

Mr. Ferrers flung the reins to his groom, a man of middle age, in sober dark livery, and got himself ponderously out of his carriage on to the gravel drive. He was a large man, tall and broad, with a high bald head, red-brown eyes of the protuberant order, a florid complexion, pendulous cheeks and chin, and mutton-chop whiskers of a warm chestnut. He was a man whose appearance, even to the stranger, suggested a life devoted to dining; a man to whom dinner was the one abiding reality of life, the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow—a memory, an actuality, a hope. He was the man for whom asparagus and peas are forced into untimely perfection—the man who eats poached salmon in January, and gives a fabulous price for the first of the grouse—the man for whom green geese are roasted in June, and who requires immature turkeys to be fatted for him in October; who can enjoy oysters at fourpence apiece; who thinks ninety shillings a dozen a reasonable price for dry Champagne, and would drive thirty miles to secure some of the late Colonel Somebody's famous East India sherry.

Rhoda had married the Reverend Marmaduke with her eyes fully opened to the materialistic side of his character. She knew that if she wanted to live happily with him, and to exercise that gentle and imperceptible sway which vulgar people call hen-pecking, she must make dinner the chief study of her life. So long as she gave full satisfaction upon this point; so long as she could maintain a table in which the homely English virtue of substantial abundance was combined with the artistic variety of French cooking; so long as she anticipated the rector's fancies, and forestalled the seasons, she would be sure to please. But an hour's forgetfulness of his tastes or prejudices, a single failure, an experimental dish, would shatter for the time being the whole fabric of domestic bliss, and weaken her hold of the matrimonial sceptre. The rector's wife had considered all this before she took upon herself the responsibilities of married life. Supremely indifferent herself to the pleasures of the table, she had to devote one thoughtful hour of every day to the consideration of what her husband would like to eat, drink, and avoid. She had to project her mind into the future to secure for him novelty of diet. Todd, the housekeeper, had ministered to him for many years, and knew all his tastes; but Mrs. Ferrers wanted to do better than Todd had done, and to prove to the rector that he had acted wisely in committing himself to the dulcet bondage of matrimony. She was a clever woman—not bookish or highly cultured, but skilled in all the small arts and devices of daily life; and so far she had succeeded admirably. The rector, granted the supreme indulgence of all his desires, was his wife's admiring slave. He flattered her, he deferred to her, he praised her, he boasted of her to all his acquaintance as the most perfect thing in wives, just as he boasted of the sleek bay as the paragon of cobs, and his garden as the archetype of gardens.

And now for the first time Daphne had to salute this great man in his new character of an uncle. She went up to him timidly; a graceful, gracious figure in a pale yellow batiste gown, a knot of straw-colored Marguerites shining on her breast, her lovely liquid eyes darkened by the shadow of her Tuscan hat.

"How do you do—uncle?" she said, holding out a slender hand in a long loose Swedish glove.

The rector started, and stared at her dumbly; whether bewildered by so fair a vision, or taken aback by the unexpected assertion of kinsmanship, only he himself knew.

"Bless my soul!" he cried. "Is this Daphne? Why, the child has grown out of all knowledge. How d'ye do, my dear? Very glad to see you. You'll stop to dinner, of course. You and Turchill. How d'ye do, Turchill?"

The rector had a troublesome trick of asking everybody who crossed his threshold in the afternoon to dinner. He had an abiding idea that his friends wanted to be fed; that they would rather dine with him than go home; and that if they refused, their refusal was mere modesty and self-denial, and ought not to be accepted. Vainly had Rhoda lectured her spouse upon this evil habit; vainly had she tried to demonstrate to him that an afternoon visit should be received as such, and need not degenerate into a dinner party. The rector was incorrigible. Hospitality was his redeeming virtue.

"Thanks awfully," replied Daphne; "but I must go home to dinner. Papa and Lina expect me. Of course Mr. Turchill can do as he likes."

"Then Turchill will stay," said the rector.

"My dear rector, you are very kind, but I must go home with Daphne. I brought her, don't you see, and I'm bound to take her back. There might be a bull or something."

"Do you think I am afraid of bulls?" cried Daphne. "Why, I love the whole cow tribe. If I saw a bull in one of our meadows, I should walk up to him and make friends."

The rector surveyed the yellow damsel with an unctuous smile.

"It would be dangerous," he said, in his fat voice, "if I were the bull."

"Why?"

"I should be tempted to imitate an animal famous in classic story, and swim the Avon with you on my back," replied the rector.

"Duke," said Mrs. Ferrers, with her blandest smile, "don't you think you had better rest yourself in your cool study while we take our tea. I'm sure you must be tired after your long drive. These first warm days are so exhausting. I'll bring you your cup of tea."

"Don't trouble yourself, my love," replied the rector; "Daphne can wait upon me. Her legs are younger than yours."

This unflattering comparison, to say nothing of the vulgar allusion to "legs," was too much for Rhoda's carefully educated temper. She gave her Marmaduke a glance of undisguised displeasure.

"I am not so ancient or infirm as to find my duties irksome," she said, severely. "I shall certainly bring you your tea."

The rector had a weakness about pretty girls. There was no harm it. He had lived all his life in an atmosphere of beauty, and no scandal had ever arisen about peeress or peasant. He happened to possess an artistic appreciation of female loveliness, and he took no trouble to disguise the fact. Youth and beauty and freshness were to him as the very wine of life—second only to actual Clicquot or Roederer, Clos Vougeot or Marco-brunner. His wife was too well acquainted with this weakness. She had known it years before she had secured Marmaduke for her own, and she had flattered herself that she could cure him of this inclination to philander; but so far the curative process had been a failure.

But Marmaduke, though inclined to folly, was not rebellious. He loved a gentle doze in the cool shade of his study, where there were old-fashioned easy-chairs of a shape more comfortable than has ever revealed itself to the mind of modern upholsterer. The brief slumber gave him strength to support the fatigue of dressing for dinner, for the Reverend Marmaduke was as careful of the outward man as of the inner, and had never been seen in slovenly attire, or with unshaven visage.

Mrs. Ferrers sank into her chair with a sigh of relief as the rector disappeared through the deep rustic porch. The irreproachable butler, who had grown gray in Mr. Ferrers's service, brought the tea-tray, with its Japanese cups and saucers. Edgar Turchill subsided upon a low rustic stool at Daphne's feet, just where his length of arm would enable him to wait upon the two ladies. They made a pretty domestic group, the westering sun shining upon them, the Japanese pug fawning at their feet, flowers and foliage surrounding them, birds singing, bees humming, cattle lowing in the neighboring fields.

Edgar looked up admiringly at the bright young face above him: eyes so darkly luminous; a complexion of lilies and roses, that exquisite creamy whiteness which goes with pale auburn hair, that lovely varying bloom which seems a beauty of the mind rather than of the person, so subtly does it indicate every emotion and follow the phases of thought. Yes; the face was full of charm, though it was not the face of his dreams—not the face he had worshipped for years before he presumed to reveal his love for the owner. If a man can not win the woman he loves, it were better surely that he should teach himself to love one who seems easier attainable. The bright particular star shines afar off in an inaccessible heaven; but lovely humanity is here at his side, smiling on him, ready to be wooed and won.

Edgar's reflections did not go quite so far as this; but he felt that he was spending his afternoon pleasantly, and he looked forward with complacency to the homeward walk through the meadows.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ST. BERNARD DOGS.

THE breed of St. Bernard dogs is a very old one indeed in its native Switzerland. The monks of the order of St. Bernard, when they first settled in their monastery to carry on there their work of self-denying mercy, found that they could hardly go on with it unless they could find some band of efficient helpers; accordingly they began to search out and train certain large, powerful dogs of the country. Experience soon proved that the worthy fathers had chosen their friends aright: constant companionship with men developed in the dogs an intelligence which fell little short of reason; firm but gentle discipline showed him to be capable of the most complete self-restraint; he exhibited a vast capacity for attaching himself to individuals; his perfect temper made him a safe and trustworthy guardian for a woman or a child. Thus year after year the St. Bernard lived on in his mountain home doing noble work there.

The chief reason, perhaps, why he has so quickly made his way in general society is his singular aptitude for family life. In spite of his immense size, he is, most essentially, a house pet; he is a born gentleman in all his tastes and habits; a very little training will give him the most perfect manners; his heavy body renders him not at all averse to sedentary hours of dozing and meditation upon a hearth-rug; his fine placid temper makes him an excellent children's playfellow. He is also, by nature, a friend of man and a lover of man's company; that is what enables him to do, with such generous free-will, his work of mercy among the mountain snows; and that is what causes him, in domestic life, to be never so happy as when he is sitting in a room filled with people, or lying close to his master's side. His extreme sociability is, indeed, at times, somewhat of a trial to his neighbors, for if for any casual reason he is banished from the house for a while to shed or stables, his loud and prolonged lamentations and his angry, impatient barks cause the air for no small distance round to be filled with anything but sweet harmonies.

There are two distinct breeds of St. Bernard dogs—the rough and the smooth. The monks prefer the smooth, because in their mountain excursions the movements of these short-haired dogs are, of course, less impeded by congealed ice and snow hanging about them in stiffening clots and lumps than those of their thicker-coated brethren; but in other countries they enjoy about equal popularity. There is certainly a great charm for the touch of master or mistress in passing the hand through a rough St. Bernard's coat: rough though it is called, it is like fingering a vast mass of the richest and finest silk. On the other hand, if he is taken out for a winter country walk, he comes home with a dress of plastered mud that his smooth relation would never have to wear.

A St. Bernard dog should be from twenty-eight to thirty-one inches high, and should measure in length, from muzzle to tip of tail, some six feet; his color should be a tawny orange mixed with white. In the smooth breed a white collar round the neck is regarded as a mark of good family and pure blood. In the rough breed the orange should be of a very deep hue. The points of a real St. Bernard are immense, very strong, wide paws, huge limbs, deep lips, a broad head, large drooping ears, brown eyes, which, though not very big and full, atone for their want of size by their depth of thoughtful intelligence, and a long curling tail, which is always in active, talkative movement, and which, when its owner is in high spirits, imperils greatly the safety of glass and china on bracket or side board. To these marks of aristocracy are added, by some people knowing in the breed, dew-claws on the hind-feet, but judges differ as to whether these latter are or are not indispensably necessary. For a dog of his size and strength, the St. Bernard needs careful feeding; if overcrammed, or allowed to overcram himself, which he will do, like all the canine family, he is liable to bad attacks of indigestion.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN you meet a young man who is smoking a cigar, it is your duty to stop him, and say, "Young man, that cigar contains acetic, formic, entyric, valeric, and proprionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, carbolic acid, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, virodine, picoline, and rubidene, to say nothing of cabbagine and burdocic acid." He may stick to the cigar, but you have done your duty in the premises.

It was a man of considerable means who said, when thrown from his horse, that although not in a very comfortable position, yet he considered himself pretty well off.

The law can never make a man honest; it can only make him very uncomfortable when he is dishonest.

When a boy has been off all day, contrary to the expressed wish of his mother, and on approaching the homestead at night, with an anxious and cautious tread, finds company at tea, the expression of confidence and rectitude that suddenly lights up his face can not be produced on canvas.

"Penny-wise, pound-foolish," soliloquized the man in church, and he put the penny in the box and the pound in his pocket.

"'Tis love that makes the world go round." It also makes the young man go round—to the home of his girl about seven nights per week.

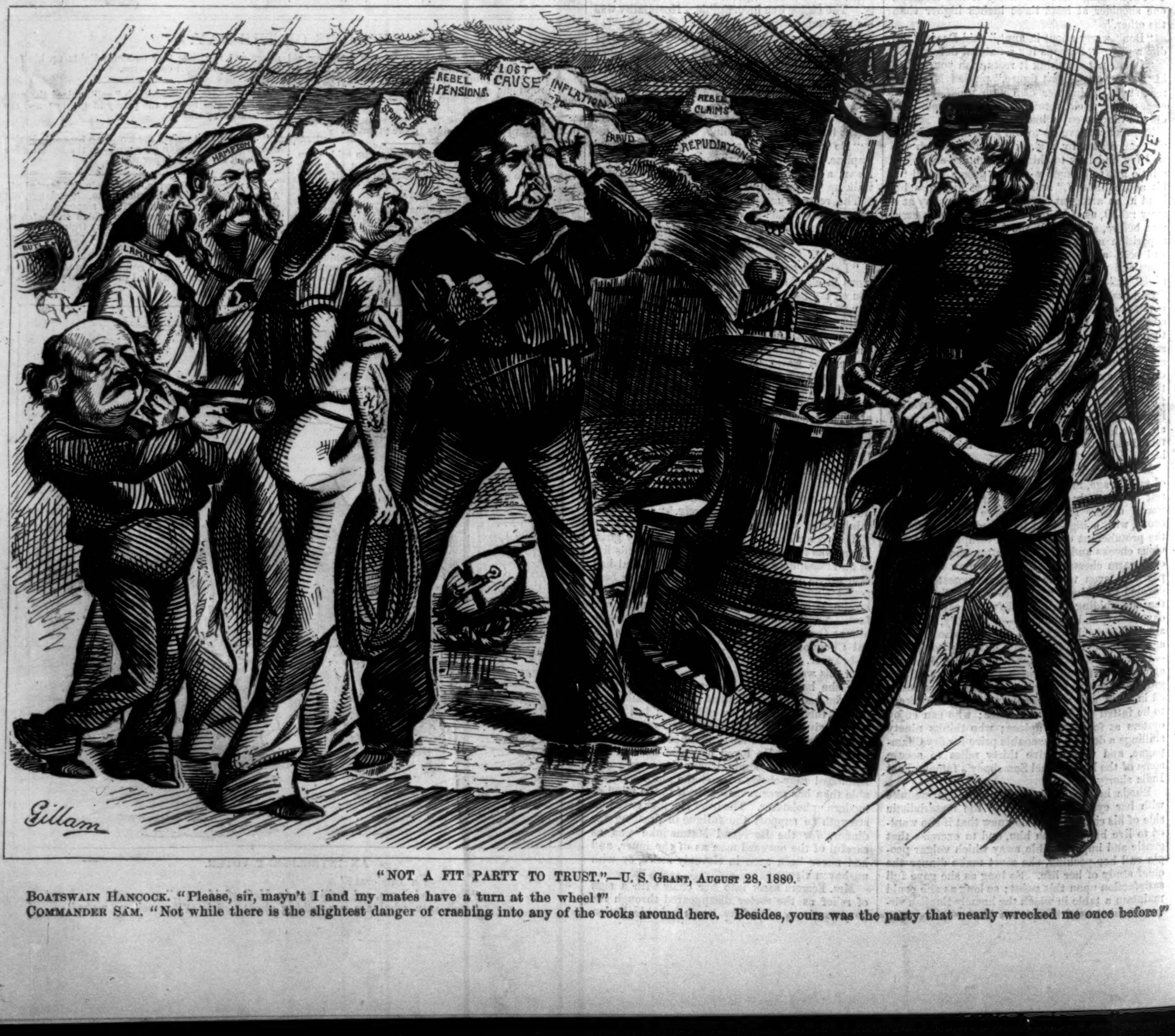
A DISAPPOINTED DEBTOR.—The train had started off. A young man rushed breathlessly in. "Got left, did you?" "Well, ain't I here?" he responded. Then one said he could go across the bridge and catch it, and another told him when the next train would go, and made various suggestions. The chap looked at the disappearing train a few seconds, when somebody asked, "Where were you going?" Then the wicked fellow said, "Oh, I wasn't going in it, but there was a fellow in the train to whom I promised to pay a bill."

AN INTELLIGENT VOTER.

"Are yez a Dimicrat?"
"Faith an' I am, an' we'll put in McGarfield, sure."
"Och, man, what are yez talking about? It's O'Hancock ye mane."

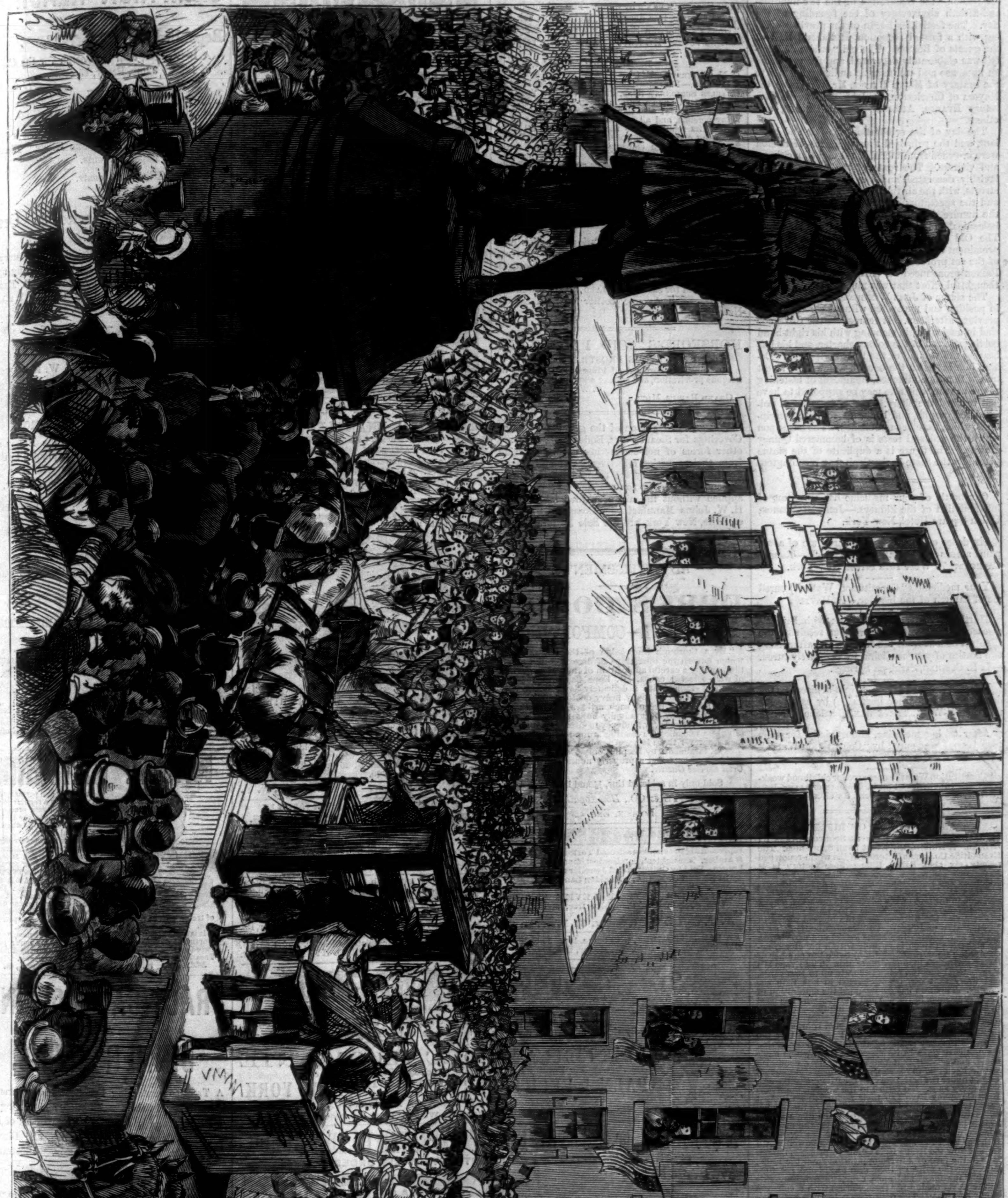
FALSTAFF HANCOCK AND HIS RAGGED REGIMENT.

FALSTAFF. "If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. No eye hath seen such scarecrows!"



"NOT A FIT PARTY TO TRUST."—U. S. GRANT, AUGUST 28, 1880.

BOATSWAIN HANCOCK. "Please, sir, mayn't I and my mates have a turn at the wheel?"
COMMANDER SAM. "Not while there is the slightest danger of crashing into any of the rocks around here. Besides, yours was the party that nearly wrecked me once before!"



THE BOSTON CELEBRATION—THE PROCESSION PASSING THE WINTHROP STATUE.—DRAWN BY C. GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

THE BOSTON CELEBRATION.

The seventeenth of September was a gala day for Boston—the celebration of the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the city. The festivities began on the previous evening with a formal reception at Faneuil Hall of the guests of Boston. The old "cradle of liberty" was elaborately decorated, and for two hours an immense and enthusiastic audience listened to the oratory of Mayor PRINCE, Mr. WINTHROP, the Mayors of Charleston, St. John, and Ottawa, Secretary EVARTS, Attorney-General DEVENS, and others.

The day of the celebration was fair and brilliant, and the principal thoroughfares of Boston were crowded from morning till night by citizens and visitors. The route of the procession was lavishly decorated, and the views in the main streets, with the air full of gently waving bunting, and the spectators densely filling the pavement, the hundreds of well-built stands, the windows, balconies, and even roofs, were truly inspiring. The Old South Church was properly made a prominent centre of the celebration, and the scene of the set proceedings of the day. There Mayor PRINCE pronounced his oration—a scholarly and thoughtful effort that was much praised.

The statue of JOHN WINTHROP had been placed in position and uncovered without ceremony the previous afternoon. It represents the Governor clad in ancient garb, standing with his right hand holding the roll of the colony charter, and his left bearing the volume of the Holy Scriptures. Behind him is shown the base of a newly cut forest tree, with a rope attached, significant of fastening of the boat in which he may be supposed to have just reached the shore. The pedestal is of polished red granite, and bears appropriate inscriptions, which have been published. The base upon which the pedestal rests is of hammered Quincy granite. The figure is a duplicate of the statue placed by the State in the Capitol at Washington.

ONE bottle of your medicine has cured me of inflammation of the kidneys.—JOHN MCCORMICK, Union Square Hotel, New York.

Six doses of your medicine cured me of acute pain across the small of my back.—ROBERT CATHCART, 70 West 19th Street, New York.

Your medicine ("Constitution Water") cured me of catarrh of the bladder.—A. DAVIS.

Thirteen years ago I was sick with Bright's disease for eight months, without receiving the slightest benefit from the doctors, and after using two bottles of your medicine I was entirely cured.—L. R. CUSHING, Saratoga Springs.

My wife was cured of Bright's disease (the doctor pronounced her incurable) by using your medicine.—W. A. TREVATHAN, Battleboro, N. C.

After taking medicine, almost daily, for thirteen years, I was cured by "Constitution Water."—Mrs. M. A. STATEN, Pleasant Hill, Miss.

"Constitution Water" a sure cure for childhood weakness. Ask your druggist for it. MORGAN & ALLEN, Proprietors, 59 John St., N. Y. Send for circular.—[Com.]

$200,000 WORTH OF RIFLES.

THE LARGEST TRANSACTION IN SPORTING ARMS ON RECORD. A Noteworthy Event to all Sportsmen. The Evans Rifle Co., manufacturers of the world-renowned twenty-six shot Evans Rifle (whose factory is at Mechanics Falls, has been complimented by both American and Foreign manufacturers as the most extensive and complete in the world), have taken a signal, and, in the face of the advance in fire-arms, a most commendable step. The Evans is the most expensively made, and has hitherto been the highest priced of all Magazine or Repeating Rifles—embodying, as it does, a marvellously ingenious action and carrying in its magazine (which is entirely within the stock, necessitating no outward addition) twice the number of *larger* cartridges than any other arm. The Evans is a Phenomenal shooter, being accurate up to 1200 yards, and every shot can be discharged in less than *one minute.* This arm has commanded the admiration of every sportsman in Europe and America who has used it, and it is as common in the best hunting-grounds of Germany and France as in our own West, which would be a remarkable fact, prone as foreign sportsmen are to use home-made weapons, if it was not that the Evans is the only repeating arm in existence carrying enough cartridges in its magazine for a whole day's sport, and having that magazine entirely concealed within itself *and in the stock*, where the weight should be, not under the barrel varying the "hang" of the arm with every shot. To return to the subject, the Evans Rifle Company have run their factory to its utmost capacity for the past two years, and have thereby accumulated an immense stock of rifles made at the lowest possible figure obtainable under the most favorable circumstances. The price of the Evans has hitherto been $40 and upward, and it was well worth it; but now the Evans Rifle Company propose, though it is in the face of a fierce opposition from the trade, to reduce the price of their arm to $18 and $20, thus placing the finest and most complete repeating rifle in the world on the par (pecuniarily) with a common single-shot rifle. The only reason for this reduction is a desire to place within the reach of all the best repeating rifle in the market, and supplant many of the cheap, unsafe arms now in use. This is a step all the more commendable from the opposition it has met with from the trade, who wished the former high prices and big profits maintained; and the thanks of all sportsmen are due to a company actuated by these motives, especially at a time when the tendency in all branches of trade is to unnecessarily advance prices and profits.

The Evans Rifle Company have transferred their entire product to the warerooms of the well-known Boston House of G. W. TURNER & ROSS, whose facilities for conducting this immense sale are unsurpassed, and through that firm will be offered over six thousand of the new and latest improved model Evans rifles at half former list prices, and the sportsmen of all countries will not be slow in taking advantage of the offer. We refer the reader to the advertisement and the testimonials of such well-known shots as A. J. Boyd, Texas Jack, and others.—[Com.]

H. W. JOHNS' Asbestos Liquid Paints are strictly pure linseed oil paints, and contain no water. They are the best and most economical paints in the world. Send for samples to the H. W. Johns Manufacturing Company, 87 Maiden Lane, New York, Sole Manufacturers of *genuine* asbestos materials.—[Com.]

SOME unprincipled dealers, for a few cents more profit, have been guilty of offering worthless substitutes for the original and genuine Sulphur Soap—GLENN'S by name. The public should guard against this deception, and always ask for "GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP," *by its full name, and take no other.* Evidence from a highly respectable source:

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C. N. CRITTENTON, Esq.:

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Yours truly, C. T. Z. DURAND.

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MANY curious pieces of Antique English and Dutch Silver, a large collection of genuine Sèvres, Vienna, and Dresden Porcelain, old miniatures on Ivory, and other rare Bric-a-Brac, on free exhibition and for sale by HOWARD & Co., Jewellers, No. 264 Fifth Avenue, corner of 29th Street, New York.—[Com.]

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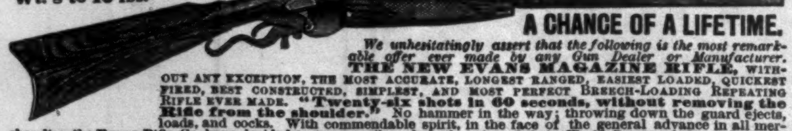

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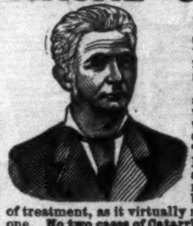

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POSITIVELY REMOVE SCURF AND DANDRUFF!!
PREVENT FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS!!
CURE ALL DISEASES OF THE SCALP!!
PROMPTLY ARRESTS PREMATURE GRAYNESS!!
MAKES THE HAIR GROW LONG AND GLOSSY!!
IMMEDIATELY SOOTHES THE WEARY BRAIN!!
MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED!!

IT NEVER FAILS to PRODUCE A RAPID GROWTH of HAIR ON BALD HEADS, WHERE THE GLANDS and FOLLICLES ARE NOT TOTALLY DESTROYED.

Proprietors: The Pall Mall Electric Association of London. New York Branch: 842 Broadway.

London, Jan. 4th, 1879.
"The Hon. Mrs. Locke deems it a pleasure and duty to state that they have never failed in her case, and many other cures have come under her observation. She also finds them most beneficial for the hair, it being greatly improved by their use."

[From Rev. Dr. Bridgman.] Brooklyn, June 1st, 1880.
"*Gents:* I have never before given a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. I am so pleased with your Hair Brush that I deem it my duty to write you recommending it most cordially. My hair, about a year since, commenced falling out, and I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Brush a thick growth of hair has made its appearance, quite equal to that which I had previous to its falling out. I have tried other remedies, but with no success. After this remarkable result I purchased one for my wife, who has been a great sufferer from headache, and she finds it a prompt and infallible remedy.
A. Bridgman, D.D."

9 Goodwin St., Bradford, England, Dec. 19th, 1878.
"My Aunt writes me they are the greatest blessing to her, as in all cases they relieve her at once. My hair is growing rapidly, the bald place being quite covered. I do think you ought to make these things known, for the benefit of others, as I am convinced it is the best Hair Renewer yet put before the public. Yours truly, J. JEWETT."

"Over 1,300,000 in use, an honest remedy, worthy of all praise."—**British Medical Index.**

Round Lake Camp-Meeting Grounds, Saratoga Co., N. Y., June 8th, 1880.
"Your Brush is certainly a remarkable cure. I am highly pleased with it. Its effect is most wonderful, and you may be sure I shall recommend it heartily among my friends. It is also a splendid Hair Brush, well worth the money, and will last me for years.
Rev. J. D. ROGERS, Superintendent."

[FROM ALLEN PEARCE & CO., WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.] Bristol, England, Feb., 1879.
"The effect was really astounding, removing the pain after a few minutes. As far as real value, they are worth a Guinea each."

Over 7000 similar Testimonials can be seen at our office.

Remember that this is NOT a "metallic" wire brush, but made of PURE BRISTLES.

A BEAUTIFUL BRUSH, LASTING FOR YEARS.

WE WILL SEND IT,

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Or request your nearest Druggist or Fancy Store to obtain one for you, *from us.*

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As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us, and we will return the money. What can be fairer?

This paper will not knowingly publish any humbug; and I have placed a Brush in the hands of Mayor Cooper and Postmaster James, of New York, as a guarantee of my good faith.

☞ **Remittances should be made payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York. Agents wanted in every town.**
They can be made in checks, drafts, post-office orders, or currency in registered or non-registered letters. It costs only ten cents to register a letter.